

# The TATLER

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London, June 11, 1930

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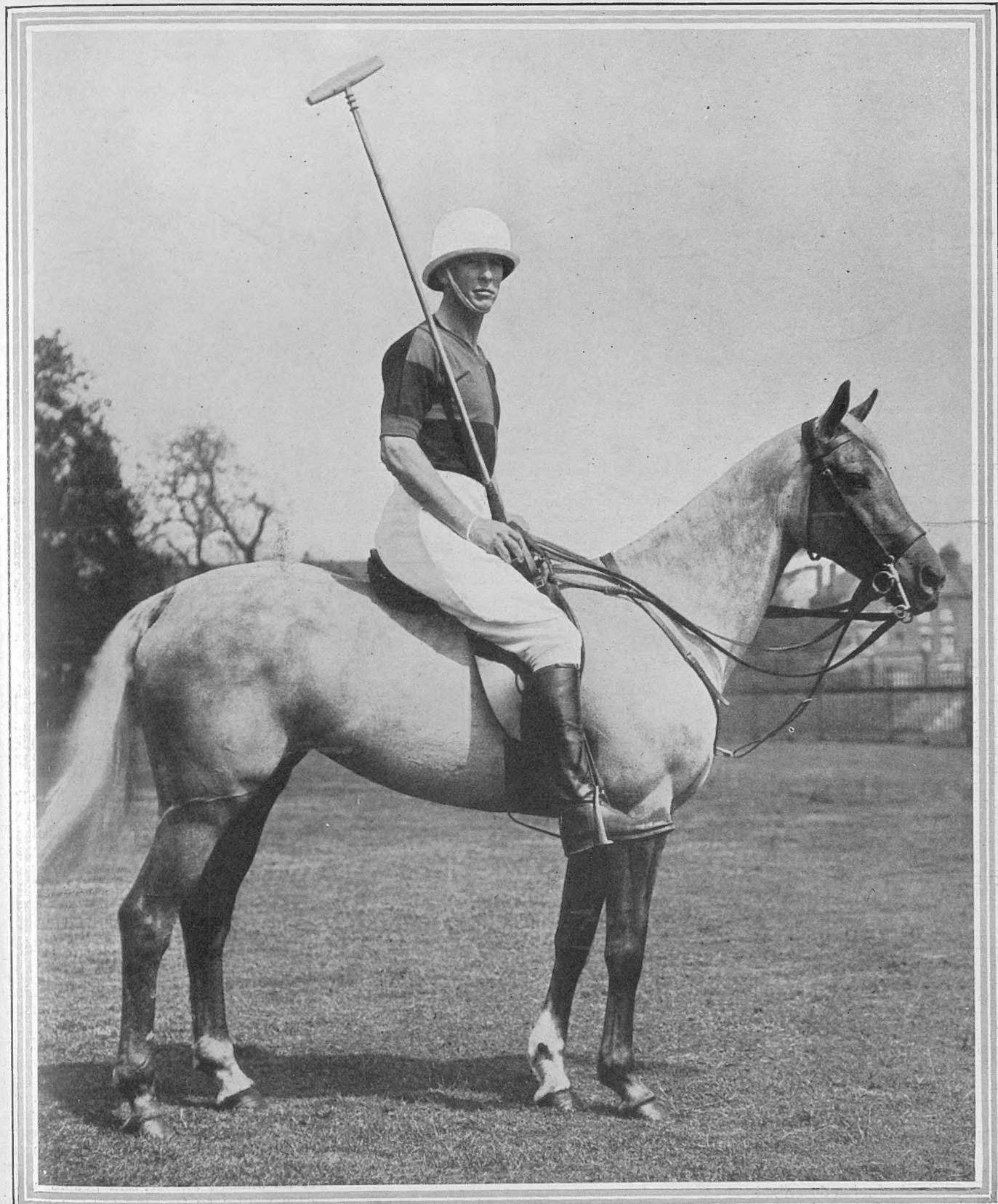
# The TATLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1511.

London, June 11, 1930

POSTAGE: Inland 2½d.; Canada and  
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Price One Shilling



W. A. Rouch

## MR. J. H. ASHTON, SKIPPER OF THE GOULBOURN POLO TEAM, ON "CHECKERS"

The quite extraordinarily brilliant performances of this team of four brothers from Australia emphasizes yet once again what a well-drilled team will always do against any four good scratch players ever collected. In the Roehampton Open Cup Tie, against a team of top class, Goulbourn would have been entitled on handicap to a 3-goals' start. They won by 12 to 4, and this has not been their only success by a good many. The possibilities where this team is concerned are referred to by "Serrefile" in the Polo Notes in this issue. It is more than likely that they would wipe the eye of our selected International team—at the moment

# The Letters of Eve



PRIZE-WORTHY

Douglas

A nice picture of Miss G. Wichmann with her English sheep dog, Kennel Wizard, which has won repeatedly in the show ring. Miss Wichmann is an expert on the finer points of this particular breed, and is to judge at the Hertford Show on June 26

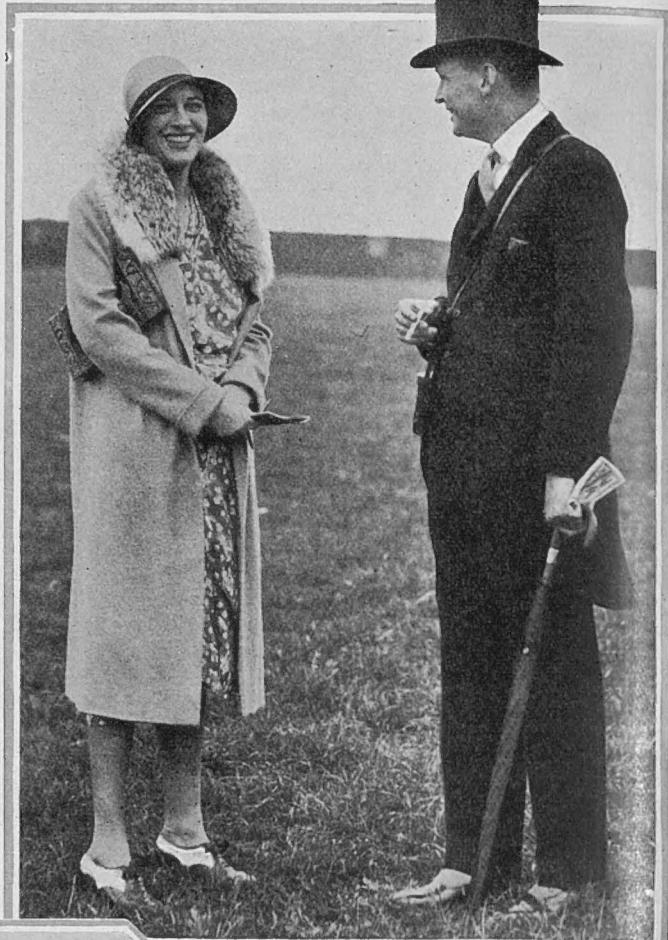
GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1.

**D**ASH your whiskers, you haven't written to me for ages! But such is my forgiving nature that I am sending you another batch of news without further reviling. After inspecting your wedding invitations for the first week in June, tell me, if you dare, that superstition is dying out. The whole of London at any rate was infested with obvious wedding guests. They are quite unmistakable, with their look of hasty under-nourishment at two and inexpedient inflation about four o'clock. But to get to details. When Miss Isolde Grosvenor married Mr. West at the Guards Chapel most of Cheshire came to the ceremony, and late arrivals had to be content with a very small area of occupation. Admirably thought-out in every detail, the whole procedure was worthy of the setting. For once in a hundred months the bride did not gallop up the aisle, but walked with really measured tread, the pace being set by Captain Robin Grosvenor, who gave her away and also kept an eye on the tiny attendants who were in immediate pursuit. I always feel sorry when the bride doesn't wear a veil over her face. This isn't as rude as it sounds, my meaning being that I like that old-fashioned "in aspic" appearance, as a friend of mine described it. However, the procession was quite charming, and all concerned in it looked as nice as the most captious critic could wish.



ON THE SPOT

A racing snapshot of Sir Mathew and the Hon. Lady Wilson. Sir Mathew went over to Ireland for the Curragh meeting, at which his horse, Rock Star, ran second in the big event, the Irish Two Thousand



RISIBILITY GOOD

Mrs. Price Harrison and Lord Chesham taking a light-hearted view of Epsom on the opening day of the meeting, when traffic in the paddock was pleasantly uncongested

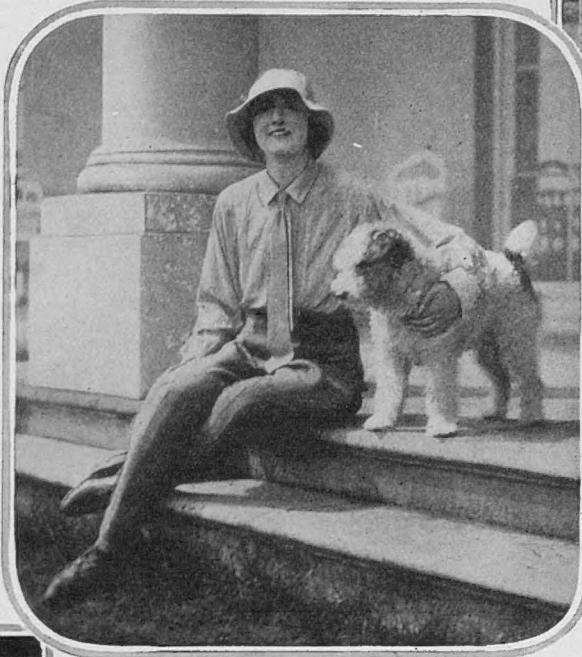
The stupidity and/or inattention of wedding congregations always impresses me; they never will observe the rules laid down for them. This time instructions about kneeling or not were forcibly printed in red, but it made no difference: any quantity did the wrong thing with conspicuous success. After which tirade I suppose it is rude to mention individuals, but please assume they were not guilty. The laws of precedence force me to put duchesses first, and there were two family ones, Katherine and Constance Duchess of Westminster as well as the Duchess of Beaufort. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey provided Patrick as page, and Lady Cambridge brought a daughter for his partner. Lady Dunwich came to see her sister married but could not furnish an escort, as her baby is only a few weeks old. Lady Helen Seymour was another pleasant relation present. Wellington Barracks to Portman Square is no walking matter, and people without cars went into training for the reception whilst looking for a taxi to take them there. Some of them undoubtedly found Constitution Hill more aptly named than had been realized.

Toscanini and his orchestra have succeeded in sweeping most of us off our feet during their short visit. They really are magnificent, and not the least magnificent was the way they played the National Anthem when the King and Queen arrived for the first concert at the Albert Hall. What an audience! The colossal place was simply packed from floor to ceiling, and no one, it seems, was more impressed than Toscanini himself. Everybody in the musical world must have been there, and most of them turned up again at the wonderful party that the Italian Ambassador gave the same night for the maestro. Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Percy Pitt were among the great ones who paid homage to their colleague. Others to be seen included our two leading musical hostesses, Lady Colefax and Lady Cunard, the latter in white, with the biggest ermine collar imaginable on the Russian belted coat that she wore with a very long skirt. Then there were Lord and Lady Melchett and the Emile Monds, whose daughter is married to an Italian; Mrs. Oliver Hoare with her tall, good-looking husband; and Lady Ravensdale wearing the long ear-rings one expects of her, with a red frock that might have been chosen specially to go with the brocaded walls of the ballroom. Madame Toscanini was there with her two daughters, one of whom is a very handsome girl with masses of straight black hair which she wears in a coil in her neck.

\* \* \*

The Musicians' Club Dinner merits mention in these despatches, and I should have told you about it last week had there been time. It seems almost unfair that Sir Frederic Cowen, such a master of music and baton-wielding, should also scintillate in another rôle, that of quipish speech-maker. He had the more or less mythical support

delightful smile, was the chief guest. He had something interesting to say about the various developments of modern forms of art, whose eccentricities, he argued, deserved the indulgence allowed to all experiments in the cause of



LADY DUNN AND "BOBBIE"

At the beautiful house, Dale Park, near Arundel, which Sir James and Lady Dunn have taken for the summer

of "the chair" on this particular evening, and his views on music and other matters were lots of fun to listen to. But his best jest was when he likened the club diners to boa constrictors who only meet to eat every few months and then retire to sleep off the effects until the next forgathering. It is to be hoped that this parallel will soon be no longer even mildly apposite, in other words, that the Musicians' Club, which now has 1,000 members, will be able to acquire the permanent home they want so badly. Sir William Llewellyn, who, in addition to being President of the Royal Academy, possesses a most



SIR JAMES DUNN AND MR. HARRINGTON MANN

Another snapshot at Dale Park last week, where Sir James and Lady Dunn had a house-party. Mr. Harrington Mann is the famous artist and sculptor. His daughter is the present Marchioness of Queensberry



MR. RONALD COLMAN AND HIS SISTER, MRS. C. W. VINING

A recent snapshot of the world-famous English film star at Headingley last week. Mr. Ronald Colman, whatever he is compelled to be on the film, from "Bull-dog Drummond" upwards or downwards, in private life is a most retiring and shy celebrity

Progress. Don't you agree? Or don't you? Sir Frederic Cowen didn't, but nevertheless an atmosphere of harmony pervaded the proceedings. This was augmented by Miss Daisy Kennedy and her violin, Madame Tatiana Mackushina, in very Russian mood and rare voice, and the London Wind Quintette with

Mr. William Murdoch at the piano.

Derby Day and Epsom doings generally must postpone wait till the end of this letter, but in the meantime I will pass on what I heard about the Curragh Races. Good weather was in attendance, so mackintoshes were safely snubbed and summer light-weights made their first public appearance. The Two Thousand Guineas day was naturally the biggest draw, and though absent faces were paradoxically noticeable, there was an ample substitute of visitors, among them Colonel Giles Loder and Sir Mathew Wilson, who both had horses to watch. Strongbow's failure was a disappointment to many pockets, but Mr. Peter Fitzgerald's win with Glenmarg, Irish bred and trained, was thoroughly popular.

A quick glance round the members' enclosure revealed Miss Denise Daly, who was staying at Tully House, and Sir Sir Walter and Lady Nugent, lately back from Madrid, where a prowling 'flu germ caught and incarcerated Sir Walter in a most ruthless manner. Captain Brassey, another returner from very foreign parts, was with his fair daughter, Mrs. O'Brien, successfully framed in grass green. Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin also wore green, a habit of hers, and a becoming one. The Curragh Grange house party included Captain and Lady Dorothy Moore, and staying with Captain and Mrs. Frankie Boylan at Millicent were Major Evelyn Shirley, the senior steward of the Irish Turf Club, and Mrs. Shirley.

Of course you'll soon be reading Victoria Sackville-West's new book, "The Edwardians." My dear, too glorious, and what fun everyone who was anyone in those days will have

(Continued on p. 484)



AT THE DERBY: LADY CHOLMONDELEY AND LORD LONDONDERRY

The weather god kindly forbore to empty his watering-can on Epsom on Derby Day as he threatened to do. Lady Cholmondeley was Miss Sybil Sassoon. Her husband was very famous in his polo days as Lord Rockavage in Mr. Walter Buckmaster's great Old Cantab team

And now for the Epsom meeting, which opened very comfortably, for Tuesday is decidedly the off day of the four. The attendance consisted mostly of the racing certainties such as Lady Chesham and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, both very good value in black and white, Lady Blandford and her sisters and their husbands, and Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson. Mrs. Jack Fielden was another who stood out from the crowd for general *décor*, and so was Lady Carnarvon. Of the men, Mr. Atty Persse was a conspicuous figure in the members' sacred enclosure (which so far has withstood the onslaughts of feminine invasion), for he was the only one to have defied the top-hat and morning-coat tradition. And he was even more conspicuous by the end of the afternoon, when he won the big race with Major Dermot McCalmont's grey, Arthos, who is rather like Mr. Jinks to look at. Lord Lonsdale was, of course, catching the eye in immaculate top-hat, frock-coat, and white carnation, and I was amused to see the little ceremonial accorded to his umbrella. He leaves it in the special care of the attendants on which ever side of the course he happens to be, its main object being, apparently, to guard against a sudden shower when he crosses those few yards between the members' stand and the little, specially-privileged one just opposite.

It was a very different story next day, but the battle to get down to the paddock has been made far less arduous by means of the newly finished fenced walk. Everybody congregated there an hour before the big race. There was Lord Derby, looking very well after his trip to America, with Lady Hillingdon and, I think, M. de St. Alary, who assured him that they had been having some very good racing over in France. Lord Derby said that he had been almost overcome by all the fêting he had had in the States. But he was a little sad at not having a runner in the Derby this year. However he consoled himself with the thought of Bosworth and Fair Isle, who were

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

in trying to pick out past friends and enemies. It is called a novel, but the author's partial reversal of the usual statement that the characters are fictitious is refreshingly candid. The period is 1906, and the scene very obviously Knole, thinly camouflaged under the name of Chevron. Though the revolution caused by progress and the steady advance of democracy was beginning to show itself, like the first rumblings of a potential earthquake, the times were still spacious, but English Society was approaching the last of its fine exclusive flowering. An amazing picture of those well-upholstered days.

to run in the chief events of the next two days, and with the reflection that no runner meant no anxiety. One heard that Sir Hugo Hirst and his family, who had distributed themselves in three boxes, had not slept for weeks, but they took their disappointment very sportingly.

Of the race itself you have heard enough already, and it would take up pages to mention and describe half the people that I saw besides the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales. Nearly all the smartest women seemed to be wearing black and white. The Duchess of Sutherland, still being asked about her Indian trip, had a neat little black suit with white on the collar and cuffs. Lady Curzon of Kedleston were black with a dazzling white ermine collar and a white hat. Lady Warrender, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who had added a decorative touch with a huge bunch of pink carnations, and at least a dozen more had the same magpie effect. Both Lady Rosebery and Mrs. Euan Wallace looked very attractive in dark blue and white, and Lady Furness was another person not to be missed. Of the men, there were such contrasts as Lord Beatty, with his shining top hat at its usual rakish angle, and Mr. Winston Churchill in one of his varied collection of exclusive headgear. He was talking very earnestly about the Referendum.

Lady Adare, whom I saw with her husband in the paddock, was one of the many racing people who dined afterwards at the Savoy, where they showed a complete film of the race at midnight. It was a huge crowd, which the Savoy knows so well how to handle, and there was a topically-named menu on which Sole Blenheim featured. And some quick thinking and acting must have been achieved behind the scenes, for the gifts took the form of real racing plates of Derby runners tied with the Aga Khan's colours. Among those whom I managed to catch sight of were Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, all in red, Mrs. Vandy Beatty and her husband, Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, the Arthur Brocklebanks, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who looked very lovely in her favourite green.—Yours ever, EVE.



THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, LORD PERCY, LORD HUGH PERCY, AND (left) A FRIEND

Also at Epsom on Derby Day. The Duke of Northumberland is unfortunately on the sick list. Lord Percy is the son and heir, and Lord Hugh Percy the second son

## HOSTS AND GUESTS AT ETON LAST WEEK



LADY EVELYN COLLINS AND HER SON, MR. A. J. R. COLLINS



LADY HASTINGS, THE HON. EDWARD AND THE HON. MARGARET ASTLEY



LADY VIOLET BENSON AND THE HON. MARTIN CHARTERIS



LADY GRIMTHORPE AND HER ELDEST SON, THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. ARCHIBALD MAULE RAMSAY WITH MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART AND MR. MICHAEL CRICHTON-STUART



LADY BARING AND MR. RAYMOND BARING, HER YOUNGER SON

Eton's Fourth of June celebrations repeat each year a gesture to tradition with customs which only an earthquake could upset. It must be admitted, however, that at last week's birthday party the large and ephemeral hats and hot weather suitings in which feminine relations generally brave the Eton elements were not as much in evidence as usual. Possibly this was because many people had come via Epsom. Lady Evelyn Collins, who is with her only son, is the Duke of Roxburghe's sister. Lady Hastings had come down to visit her elder son, who will be leaving Eton shortly. Her eldest daughter, the Hon. Helen Astley, was married in April to Mr. Ian Bulloch. The Hon. Martin Charteris is Lady Violet Benson's son by her first marriage. Miss Crichton-Stuart and her brother, who are seen with their mother and step-father, are Lord Bute's niece and nephew. Lady Baring is Sir Godfrey Baring's wife

# The Cinema

IT is a remarkable thing that while we are always hearing about slumps in the theatre we never hear of them in connection with the cinemas. We never hear of them *for the reason that we are not told*. The cinema-magnate knows nothing about art, and not very much more about entertainment. But he does at least know how to sell what he has got, and he does not deal in excuses which are your theatre-manager's stock-in-trade. "People," says the theatre-manager with a poor play, "will not come in because they are preparing for Whit-week." They do not come in during Whit-week because they have gone away. And they do not come in the week after because they have spent all their money while they were away. If it is fine people prefer to play lawn-tennis or lie about in boats which somebody else punts up and down the river; if it is wet, it is more fun playing shemmy at home than traipsing along greasy roads. The cinema trade knows nothing of this. If the picture is good it goes on; if bad it comes off. But in all circumstances prosperity, or the appearance of it, continues to shine out of those broad Semitic faces.

Yet there is, I think, another reason for this absence of colour—the lack of any cause for it. Even when plays are good the old difficulty remains of lugging people into the theatre. But the converse of this proposition is still more true. Even when films are bad, film-fans have the greatest difficulty in keeping away from the cinema. The reason for this contradictory state of affairs is that it is the business of the theatre to mirror life, whereas the essence of the cinema is to get away from life. Children, it is believed, invariably identify themselves with the heroes and heroines of the books they are presented with at Christmas and on their birthdays. I think it is owing to "Chatterbox" that I spent my seventh and eighth years sulking as Achilles and dragging my brother next of age, who was Hector, round the nursery floor. Other incarnations followed, in which I was Erling the Bold, Umslopogaas, Peterkin (in "The Coral Island"), Joe (in "Little Women"), East (in "Tom Brown's School Days") and, of course, John Ridd. With me this passion for identification still persists, so much so that I am never tired of reading about Balzac's impostor who, after running millions into debt, married an heiress frantically rich and frenziedly hideous, thereby causing his tailor and shirt-maker to illuminate their premises as for a Royal Wedding. I have a more than sneaking sympathy with one who could retire from the capital, bury himself in a remote French province, preside at cattle-shows, enter with zest into schemes for the disposal of the local sewage, and write rare letters to his former Paris cronies, signed: "late Maxime de Trailles." It is philosophy of this order which makes life in Buckinghamshire tolerable, and it is the same kind of thing which binds the average man and woman to the cinema now and for ever.

Consider the current shows. Note how few of them present life as it really is, and how all insist upon life as we should like it to be. Or as the women would like it to be? For a good four-fifths of any audience, whether it be theatre or cinema, is composed of women. As I sat down to write the postman brought me a packet of what I believe are called "stills." One of these shows a young woman attired in an evening gown whose material ought to be called "Foam o' the Sea." This diaphanous shadow depends from a single diamond strap, the other shoulder being occluded by a wealth of orchids. Upon each eyelid is a pound or so of lamp-black, and the lady's nails wear that happy polish which suggests that never can their happy owner have done anything so menial as dust the drawing-room mantel-piece. Now just as every man is at heart a rake, so every woman desires to be luxuriously coveted. Her mind tells her that she

## "A Gossip of Romance"

By JAMES AGATE

will end by preparing some bank clerk's supper or putting some income-tax collector's children to bed. But in her heart of hearts she knows that life has passed her by! To return, however, to the lady in the photograph who, I ought to have told you, is holding in her arms a dead man in a dinner-jacket, while two cops, a thug, and a fashionable violinist look on. Accompanying letter-press elucidates this romantic moment as follows: "At Tony's concert, the police appear in search of Weber's murderer. As they close in on Keene, two shots are fired. Keene staggers and falls just as Rhoda appears. She supports him till he dies with a smile on his lips. Then Tony takes her into his arms—life holds out a promise of better things for them."

The whole function of the cinema is to persuade those of us who lead rude, work-a-day lives that another world exists, a world of unbelievable glamour and miraculous impossible tosh. Say that Jones goes home after the cinema to cold mutton and *billets-doux* from the revenue, from his bank manager, and the Gas, Light, and Coke Company. He may find an intimation from his firm regretting that they have to cut down expenses owing to amalgamation with a richer one. Now take Mrs. Jones. Baby is fractious, the parlour-maid has not come in, and there is a letter from mother saying that owing to the old trouble she has to put off her visit. A glance at her husband's correspondence persuades her that that new frock will have to wait, and that this is not the time to talk about paying for the old one.

But the point is that these great tragedies are less tragic because two utterly incredible people have taken each other into her bejewelled and his manly arms, and have realized that life has held out a promise of both things. So Mr. and Mrs. Jones go to their twin beds in a state of something less than perfect dismay at the hideousness of to-morrow and the next day and the day after. Perhaps when they wake the sun is shining. Baby is better, the parlour-maid has a reasonable excuse, it is Saturday, and three decent fellows want Jones to make up a four-ball in the afternoon. The cinema has played its part in all this, and its prime virtue is to help us to believe that not even the Gas, Light, and Coke Company is as bad as it is painted.

The film responsible for the entrancing "still" which I have described is entitled *Love's Conquest*, and I am already perfectly decided



MISS BERNICE CLAIRE AND MR. ALEXANDER GRAY IN "SONG OF THE FLAME"

The new all-talking, all-musical romance which commenced its run at the Tivoli in the Strand on Derby Day. It is a magnificent spectacle film in addition to many other excellences

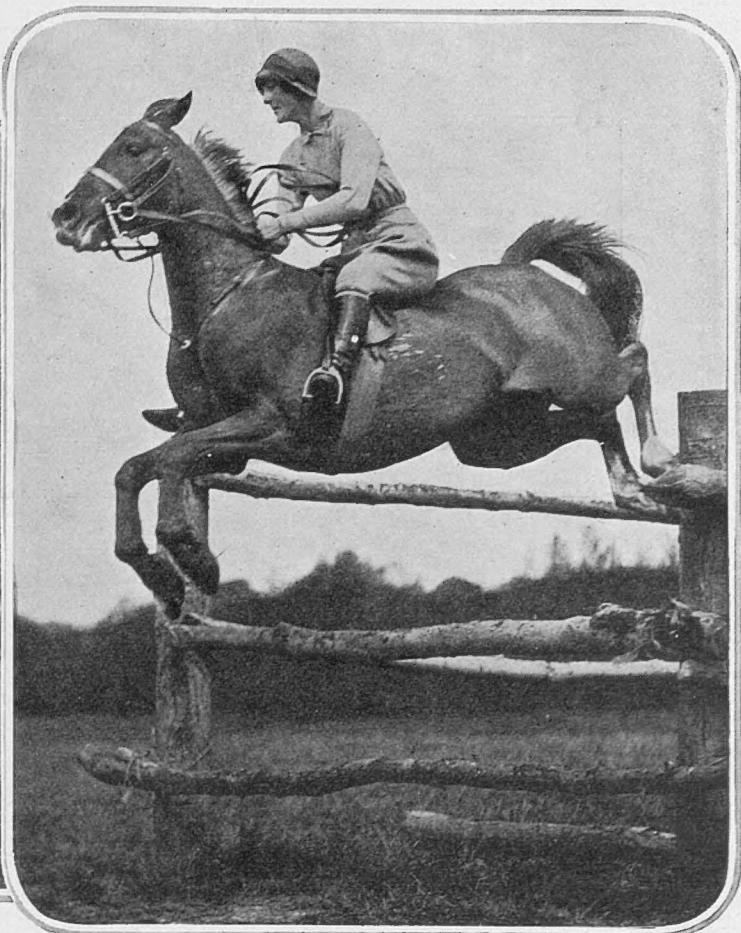
that when I see it it will conquer me. For every man and every woman there is his or her appropriate romance, and at the moment the London cinemas are bursting with this commodity. Thus at the Alhambra we can see Miss Billie Dove singing and dancing in *The Painted Angel*, which incidentally is what every woman knows herself to be or, in default, wishes she were. At the Capitol we have *Ladies of Leisure*, immune presumably from house-work and other drudgery. At the Empire Miss Joan Crawford languishes and exhilarates under *Montana Moon*. At the Prince Edward Mr. John McCormack by his singing almost persuades us that a story of immutable bosh is unalloyed gold. Every one of these films is to be recommended for the sole and simple reason that people who see them will return home better prepared to meet the troubles of which domestic bliss is composed. Life, said the Victorian cynic, is a bad quarter-of-an-hour made up of exquisite moments. Let me translate this by saying that the cinema is for most people the sole and simple reason why life is at all bearable. We escape from our normal worries through the contemplation of imaginary beings who, after experiencing incredible woes, emerge at last to incalculable bliss.

*A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv*

## A FAMOUS LADY RIDER



MRS. HEALD BREAKING A YOUNG 'UN



A TIMBER MERCHANT IN THE MAKING



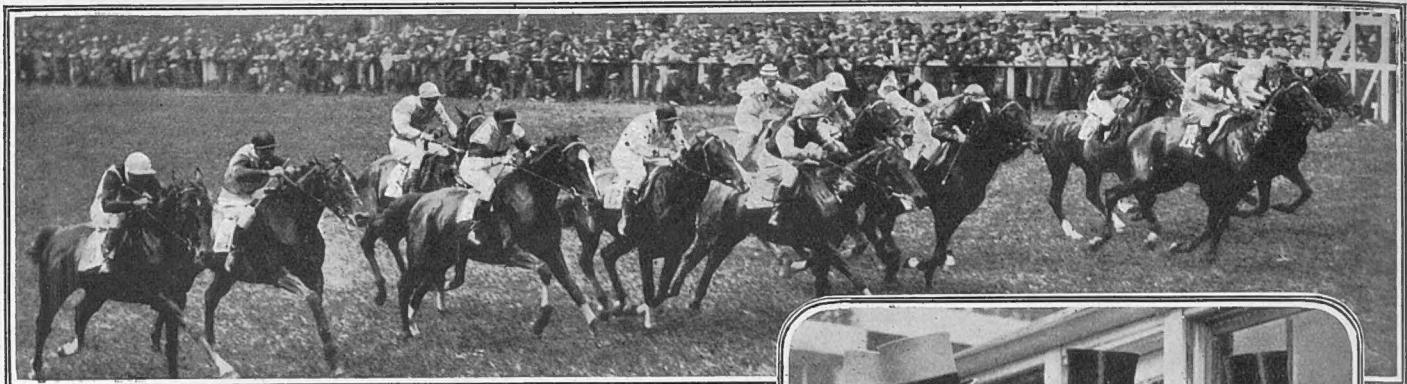
BOTHER THAT ROPE!



ANN HEALD ON BARNABY

Some very interesting pictures taken at Mrs. Arthur Heald's breeding and training quarters at Hellingley, Sussex. Mrs. Arthur Heald, who is a niece of the Earl of Denbigh, breaks and makes most of her own, and rides them extremely well as we know. She was second in the Newmarket Town Plate (four miles) two years ago, and has ridden six winners in ladies' races during the past jumping season. She applied for a licence to ride under Jockey Club and N.H. rules, but the stewards refused in both cases. It is said to be her ambition to ride in both the Derby and the Grand National, a thing no jockey of the opposite sex has managed to do so far as we can recall. Mrs. Heald's mother was a daughter of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and she married Mr. W. H. A. Heald in 1921. Ann, their pretty little daughter, is only six

# RACING RAGOUP : By "GUARDRAIL"



"THEY'RE OFF!"—THE START FOR THE DERBY

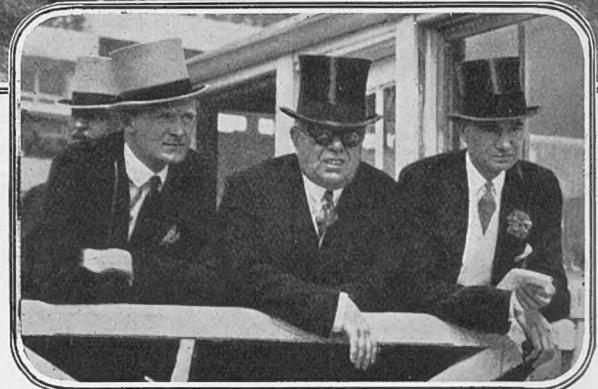
In spite of Silver Flare giving trouble, Captain Allison, as will be seen, got them off on excellent terms, and Diolite, drawn No. 5, was quickest out of the gate, with Rustom Pasha, drawn No. 2, close after him. Trews is the horse on the inside, and Blenheim drew the second from the outside place

PERHAPS it was imagination, perhaps it was because "the neglected" of two stables kept the favourite out of the race, or perhaps it was just *foie gras*, but Derby week seemed rather a mediocre affair from the start. The Epsom Monday sale of horses at Tattersall's produced no big prices, and it must be admitted no very wonderful animals.

The night life of the great city was, however, gayer than usual, for not only could one dine at the Embassy or sup at the Embassy, but one could go to a regimental dinner and then go on to the Embassy. It was at one of these latter hilarious festivals, a reunion of all who had ever been privileged to serve with one of our famous regiments, that it was announced that next year Captain — would be in the chair. The secretary, who had never sent him an invitation, and was under the impression that he had perished in front of Sevastopol, told his next-door neighbour to find out about him from one of the neighbouring ancients. Selecting one whose medal-ribbons went so far back into antiquity that they probably included a bar for the Rape of the Sabines, he put the question. "Sir," replied the aged warrior rising from his petite marmite like a weed-covered rock from a receding wave, "he was forced to leave the regiment early. He married an actress." "How dreadful," gulped the interrogator, and guiltily conscious of having himself committed this heinous enormity in duplicate, he palmed his name-card with a dexterity Giovanni might have envied and broke off the conversation.

The crowd at Epsom in the enclosures and paddock seemed smaller than usual, and the congestion on the roads, largely due to the admirable traffic arrangements, was nil, except for the last 200 yards. The walk to the paddock, now that the course is out of bounds, is so long and unpleasant that few care to do it more than once, and at the enormous price charged for entry many think even that not worth while. Owing to "common rights" the Tote has to be inside the paddock, and in consequence hardly gets a fair chance. The racing as a whole was dull, the weather dull, and the frocks ditto, though the men came out as usual in all their white yearly glory in a strong haze of camphor. Very well they looked too, despite the age that most of them claimed for their tail coats, except when Sir Jock Jardine appeared amongst them in his immaculate costume, or another gentleman in a grey morning coat with trousers in what was said to be Parmoor hunting tartan. Except for a very occasional visit to the paddock the ladies remained practically in purdah in their boxes and lunch-rooms the whole meeting, and Epsom for the majority of them must be a dreary function, shorn of betting and general amenities.

The Derby itself bore out the two-year-old form pretty accurately as regards the winner and third, probably the best two-year-olds of last year. Mr. Tattersall must have thought at the distance the race was in his pocket when Iliad came to beat Diolite, but Blenheim won very comfortably when called on. A charming little horse, he is hardly one's idea of a classic animal, but nor is Diolite, or any single one of the others, if one thinks of Spearmint, Hurry On, Captain Cuttle, etc. For the second year in succession Michael, and incidentally myself, was on the wrong 'un. The Duke of Marlborough drew Blenheim in the Marlborough club sweep. Nobody claims to have dreamt the



LORD WESTMORLAND, H.H. THE AGA KHAN, AND MR. VICTOR GRAHAM

Watching the start for the Derby. The Aga's first string, Rustom Pasha, was well away; Blenheim not so well—in fact worse off than the unruly Silver Flare. H.H. the Aga never had a bet, and his orders were for his two colts to run absolutely on their own merits

winner, and the Calcutta Sweep seems, as usual, to have been cut up between bricklayers and railway clerks. I can think of no more items of interest with regard to the world's greatest race.

I am wrong. Hardly had the winner been led from the unsaddling enclosure when his place was taken by an unknown gentleman showing all the symptoms of a martyr to *mal de caneton*. Raising his snuff-coloured "tribly" on high he called for three cheers for H.H. The Aga Khan from the astonished and top-hatted members. Not from any lack of good wishes to His Highness but simply because it isn't done he had as much success as if he had suggested community singing. His second effort meeting with the same result, he didn't sink through the earth, but walked away just as pleased. Perhaps he did it to get put in the papers and now I've done it for him.

The two-year-old races up to and including Epsom have not produced a really good one with the possible exception of the Fourfold filly, whose two races have been won very easily, and whose form is difficult to sum up. It doesn't look as though any of the present ones will be good enough to win at Ascot where some of the big stables are sure to produce "one out of the box." Sir Victor Sassoon's Charley's Sister can fly out of the gate, and probably he wishes there was a meeting at Epsom every three weeks for her, but she is rather a typical Epsom animal. Arcot running in blinkers did not give a very generous display and was not backed like a good one, in fact with a little more experience and a clear run Mr. Solly Joel's good-looking Ponsardin might have beaten him. Neither of the brothers Joel can find their form, and speaking from memory Fuzzy Wuzzy at Lingfield is their only success to date. Lord Glanely is another who must nearly have balanced up his extraordinary original run of luck when he had no less than nine winners one year at Ascot, while Colonel and Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn in the days of Mink, Drake, and Iron Mask, generally had several winners at this meeting.

Stanley Wootton signalized his return to this country by winning his usual race or two, and it need hardly be said that old Frank Bare was one of those who obliged. It would seem that someone in authority might take some steps to make it safe and possible to work horses in the morning at Epsom. Two Derby horses coming round Tattenham corner had to pull out (a difficult thing to do) to avoid knocking over men gossiping on the course, and anyone can wander about at will without let or hindrance. A couple of mounted policeman could do the whole thing easily.



AT THE HARDY-ALLSOPP WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE

MRS. BAIRD AND MISS LAVINIA BAIRD

MISS VERNEY, LADY BOYNE, AND HER DAUGHTER

LADY VIVIAN AND THE HON. V. VIVIAN



AND SO TO THE GUARDS CHAPEL FOR THE WEST-GROSVENOR WEDDING

LADY ALINGTON AND HER SISTER, LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER

LADY CAMBRIDGE AND MR. HASTINGS

MRS. GOSLING AND LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW IN CONVERSATION

Two of the most important of last week's many weddings had as leading figures Mr. Rupert Hardy and the Hon. Diana Allsop, and Mr. Reginald West and Miss Isolde Grosvenor. The Meynell met in Hanover Square when Major and Mrs. Bertram Hardy's elder son married Lord and Lady Hindlip's elder daughter, for both these young people are popular features of this particular country. Lady Boyne's daughter, the Hon. Rosemary Hamilton-Russell, and Miss Lavinia Baird, daughter of the Joint-Master of the Cottesmore, were two of the blue-frocked bridesmaids who had mothers in attendance, and Lady Vivian and the Hon. Vanda Vivian, one of this year's débutantes, were among the countless guests. Mr. West's marriage to Lady Arthur Grosvenor's elder daughter, which took place on the same day, also had massed support. Lady Cambridge, who brought a bridesmaid daughter, had her brother as escort, and Lady Alington came with her youngest sister, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew was a pleasant representative of the West Country

# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

## The "Slump" in Patriarchs.

I AM suffering from a secret grievance. It is a very grievous grievance, but I can do nothing about it. Fate is at the bottom of it, and so, when I feel I must go out and stab something I can only stab at the moon. Destiny must often have a good chuckle all to itself. So powerful is it and so safe. I daresay it is chuckling now. For it has robbed me and those of my age of what would have been our natural birthright. It didn't matter once how silly they were, but years ago the Bearded and the Bald used to be respected by the younger generation for no other reason than because they *were* bearded and they *were* bald. As a youth I used to think how very nice it must be to be elderly, with nobody except peradventure some stray octogenarian, who dared contradict you, no matter how you "blathered" on and on. Your superior wisdom taken for granted on the strength of the number of your birthdays stretching away behind you. Always the implied suggestion that Daddy and Mummie *must* know best, simply because they both struck fifty simultaneously only last week. By former rights then I should have now ascended my pinnacle, and woe would have betided any youngster who would have dared to call me a silly old fool. In any case no youngster in my day would have wanted to do so. We were brought up to respect grey hair, and our duty was to sit and listen the while we imbibed the wisdom of our elders. It didn't matter what "bosh" they talked, it still gave them the power to smile kindly at all our suggestions, at everyone of our interruptions, in the manner of one who says, "Wait till you're my age, my boy! Then you will know what you're talking about." But alas, the war came, and among other things which it blew up sky-high and a good deal higher in many cases, were the inherited thrones of the Bearded and the Bald. So when by almost divine right I and all the rest of my generation should have been preparing to ascend these thrones in our turn, lo and behold, there aren't any thrones to ascend! And our only hope of having even a still small voice in anything which anybody will listen to is to go out and have our faces lifted, our hair dyed, wear a body-belt (only for healthful purposes, of course), and pretend that we too belong body and soul to the "Modern Generation" and a

post-war world. But when I think how the elderly when I was young used to deliver the first word and utter the last one on the strength of being elderly, it does make me feel that Fate has deprived me of a natural birthright and left me with a gnawing grievance. Why, I can remember how every picture of an Ideal State used to be governed entirely by old gentlemen with white beards! A conglomeration of Ultimate Wisdom, patriarchy in perfection. Since the war alas! the intellectual value of being bearded and bald has however sunk to zero, and "grandpapas," instead of having their metaphorical chairman's seat dusted for them by the younger men, have to present the undignified picture of clutching on to it for dear life the while young persons sing back at them,

"We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go!" Times have indeed changed! And it is not so much that the New Generation is an entirely fresh species, as all those dreary articles on the "Modern Girl" and the "Modern Young Man" would lead one to suppose, as that the Older Generation have had to readjust themselves so quickly to the New Idea that their equivalent in age, fifty years ago, would scarcely recognize his breathless and undignified prototypes. It's the "New Elderly" who really demand articles being written about them. When I was a youth, all the *best* men were dead or dying. Nothing vital or alive was, *ipso facto*, any good.

"My boy, you should have seen Kean as Hamlet," used to put an end to any eulogy on Forbes-Robertson in the same rôle. And so it was in every phase of life. Cobden used to be considered next door to the Divine . . . and *now look at him!* To find Dickens three-fourths unreadable was to be sent in disgrace straight to the bottom of any class. In Art, a

cabbage was expected to look so exactly like a cabbage, that the greatest compliment you could pay it was to say that you could literally *eat it!* Nowadays, of course, if it looks in the least bit like a cabbage the artist is completely done for. So one may often laugh at the old 'nineties while still loving them. Symbolically speaking they are old-fashioned without as yet being ready for a museum. Still I often wonder how it is we didn't laugh at ourselves more often. The raptures of Yester-year are generally the only humorous things which the elderly have left them to chortle over among themselves—that

(Continued on p. 492)



MRS. ROBERT PENNIMAN-LEWIS *Lenare*

Who was presented at Their Majesties' Court held on May 28 by Mrs. Audrey Scott-Williams of Woollands, Blandford, Dorset



THE LONDON PRESS CLUB DERBY LUNCHEON

The London Press Club pre-Derby luncheon, which was originated by Mr. Edgar Wallace and at which he was again in the chair this year, has now become almost as fixed a feast as the great race itself, and is always attended by distinguished owners, trainers, and crack jockeys, each of whom usually presents the assembled company with the absolute winner! This year Mr. Edgar Wallace on behalf of the club made a presentation to the Stewards of the Jockey Club of a trophy known as the Orleans Cup which dates back to the Duke of Orleans of 1841 and was won by the then Duke of Richmond. In the above group the names are: The Hon. George Lambton, the Earl of Harewood, a Steward of the Jockey Club, the Earl of Derby, owner of Caerleon, Mr. Edgar Wallace, and the Marquess of Zetland, a Steward of the Jockey Club

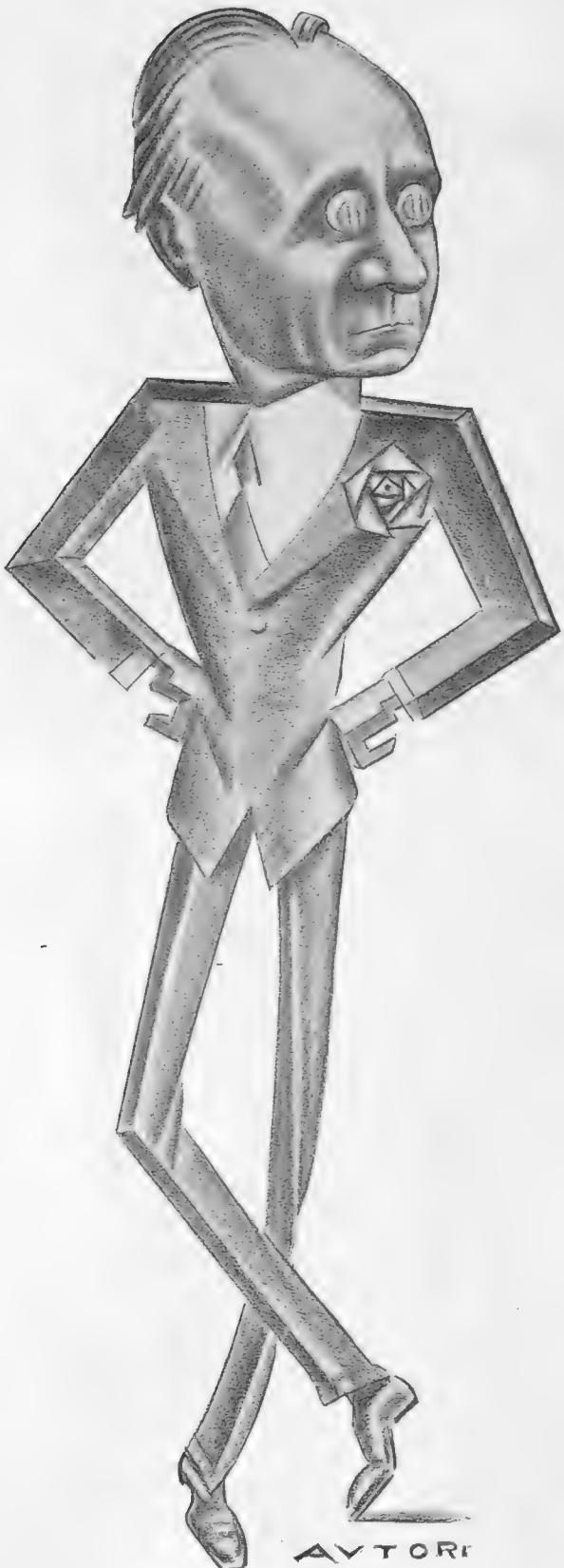
## THE POISON CUP

By George Belcher



"Well, Mrs. Smith, 'ere's my disrespects to yer"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued



SIR HARRY BRITTAI N, K.B.E., C.M.G.

By Autori

Sir Harry Brittain, the ex-Member for Acton, was the originator and organiser of the first Imperial Press Conference in 1909—the fourth Conference takes place in London this year—and the Chairman of the Arrangements Committee of the second and third Conferences. During the War Sir Harry Brittain, whose energy and driving force need no advertisement, was Director of Intelligence in the Ministry of National Service. In recognition of his fine service, the British Press presented Sir Harry Brittain with his portrait, by Sir William Orpen

is to say, if they have not lost their sense of humour with their teeth! And so, in reading Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's book on "Sir Arthur Pinero's Plays and Players" (Benn. 15s.), a whole host of tender, happy memories come crowding my memory. These plays were such excellent *theatre*, which in those days we mistook for real life. In parenthesis, none of them ever were that. Even in the days when I used to go to see them, sometimes again and again, I used to hate the almost inevitable benign elderly gentleman whose moral reasonableness used to put everything right in the last Act. Now, as I read the lengthy extracts which Mr. Fyfe gives from the various plays, I realize how purely theatrical these plays were. How divorced from life they also were even when, as they nearly always did, achieved excellent *theatre*. Their dramatic technique is still something to marvel at. I doubt, however, if any of them will bear revival—except, perhaps, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," for an actress yearning for a "starry" part, and "Trelawny of the Wells" for its charming sentiment and its sentimental charm. Perhaps the farces will last better. In their downright, somewhat obvious way, they always contained amusing characters, overdrawn though they were for the sake of laughter. Still, they got the laughter, as perhaps they always will! Otherwise the morality of the serious plays will always be against them. There is nothing quite so dated as moral convention which has outlived its day. One realizes now that a Paula Tanqueray would never have killed herself for the reasons which in the play drove her to suicide, nor would a Mrs. Ebbsworth have clutched from the flames a burning Bible, to live for ever afterwards in a state of abject repentance because once she had lived with the man she loved without marrying him—though incidentally made a man of him while doing so. But that, in those days was not enough. Even Barrie once gave us this improbable story in a serious play which is now happily forgotten. Still, in spite of the fact that these Pinero plays seem utterly divorced from any life except the life of the theatre, they were admirably written, superbly well-constructed, and they did give actors and actresses a chance to act. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Paula Tanqueray is, of course, theatrical history. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe tells once again how nearly she missed the part altogether, and would have done so had not Miss Elizabeth Robins risen to an act of self-sacrifice which will for ever shine golden in what is otherwise the cruel jealousy of the stage; Miss Irene Vanbrugh's greatest stage triumphs also belong to these plays. While even quite lately Miss Marie Löhr has achieved one of her greatest successes in the recent revival of *Dandy Dick*. Moreover, if you have read those two unacted plays which Pinero has recently published in volume form, you will—even though you belong to the morning of To-day—nevertheless take off your hat to the dramatic craftsmanship of a master hand. Why these two plays have never found a manager is a mystery. When you think of the empty-headed, amateurish blather which does get produced you only marvel the more. But to return to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's book. It will revive a thousand happy memories in the minds of playgoers who are not now as young as, perhaps, they would like to be. On the other hand I do think that Mr. Fyfe might have made the record a little more vital, seeing that it records such a splendid period in the history of the English stage. It is worthy and conscientious rather than readable; that is to say, for those who cannot bring to it the glamour of actual remembrance.

## A Quiet Thriller, and Another.

If you demand a murder every fifty pages, with what is almost a super-human detective, amateur or professional, running around all over the story, and innocent people dashing into accusing situations, and villains looking like the picture of innocence, "The Man in the Red Hat" (Constable, 7s. 6d), by Richard Keverne, is not to be recommended. On the other hand, if you want to read the story of a murder which has an air of actuality, almost tame in melodramatic excitement though it be, then this is a tale you will thoroughly enjoy. But you must be patient and persevering for at least one hundred pages nevertheless. Your reward will come later. Your sustaining interest, however, will be due to the mystery as to whether there really was a murder committed or whether there wasn't. As a matter of fact there was. But it was so cunningly contrived as to be quite unspectacular. And it concerned an old lady who lived in fear of her rapacious relations. That is all it would be fair to tell you of a story which is written with shrewdness, humour, and real observation of the motives of life-like people. Of one character especially. An old wine merchant who turns himself into a gloriously unofficial detective. He is such an excellent creation that he deserves later on to be given a novel all to himself. I hope Mr. Keverne will oblige. Finally, let me add that if you like a thriller to be over three hundred pages of "spotlit" excitement, read "Hell for Leather" (Jarrolds), by S. Andrew Wood. In it you have a staged suicide, a diamond thief with a revolver in full cry after the hero, a heroine in a series of distresses, the fight for a kingdom, scoundrels galore, a couple of good earthquakes, and in fact the whole bag of tricks excellently shaken up and re-delivered.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxx of this issue

## SOCIETY NORTH AND SOUTH



AT THE LEVEE: GENERAL SIR CHARLES FERGUSSON AND ADMIRAL SIR JAMES FERGUSSON



SIR WILLIAM AND LADY HART-DYKE'S DIAMOND WEDDING

Left to right: In front—Miss F. Hart-Dyke, Mrs. Scott-Gatty, Lady Emily and Sir William Hart-Dyke, and the Hon. Mrs. Bell. Behind—Mr. A. Bell, Mrs. O. Hart-Dyke, Mr. E. Scott-Gatty, and Mr. H. O. Hart-Dyke



A GARDEN FETE AT EDINBURGH

Left to right: Mrs. Ratcliffe Barnett, Mrs. James Morton of Craigiehall, Sir David Wallace, Lady Rosebery, Mr. James Morton of Craigiehall, Lady Clyde, Lord Clyde, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh

LADY ROSEBERY AT THE EDINBURGH FETE

Ian Smith

Ian Smith

General Sir Charles Fergusson and Admiral Sir James Fergusson are brothers and were caught in the camera barrage as they were leaving the Levee held at St. James' Palace last week by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on behalf of His Majesty the King. Sir Charles Fergusson was Governor-General of New Zealand. He commanded the 2nd and 17th Army Corps during the war. Sir James Fergusson was Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indies Station. Sir William and Lady Hart-Dyke last week celebrated their diamond wedding at Lullingstone Castle, near Eynesford, Kent, which has been their home throughout their sixty years of married life. Sir William is ninety-two and Lady Hart-Dyke, a daughter of the seventh Earl of Sandwich, is ninety-three. Sir William and Lady Hart-Dyke are seen with members of their family, assembled for the celebrations. A garden fete, with which the two lower pictures deal, was in aid of the Edinburgh Hospital for Crippled Children, Fairmilehead, and was held at Craigiehall, Crammond Bridge, near Edinburgh, when the Countess of Rosebery performed the opening ceremony

# AIR EDDIES by OLIVER STEWART.



A CONTRAST IN WHITE WINGS—VERY MODERN AND NOT SO ANCIENT

A snapshot taken off Harwich quite recently of the last word in flying-boats fit to fly over and ride on almost any sea, and some of the Big Six which were competing at Harwich and afterwards went on to Cowes

E.G.

**A**CERTAIN Royal example is now leading people airwards more rapidly than any propaganda or threats could do. For the force of example is greater than the force of exhortation or commination; the Prince is mightier than the propagandist. A few of those exalted people, those social though not necessarily socialistic *Prime Ministers*, who constitute the unsplinterable glass of fashion and the mould of form, can by example guide the actions of enormous numbers of their fellows. Their behaviour is watched and imitated with faithfulness by the proletariat, and if it were desired to make virtue popular (which Heaven forbid), it would only be necessary to employ a few of the leaders of the Trade Union called Society, with which is affiliated the Stage, publicly to cultivate virtue, and the result would immediately follow as the film star follows her publicity agent.

Miss Tallulah Bankhead banked on the husky voice and the drooping eyelid, and within a short time huskiness became the hall-mark of the home-wrecker and the lowered lid of the stage-vamp. The Tallulah touch was cultivated assiduously from Tooting to Timbuctoo. Miss Bankhead had succeeded in capitalizing the chropic sore throat and in making ophthalmia appetizing. So it is in other fields of endeavour. Lord Lonsdale must have been worth a great deal of money to manufacturers of cigars, for he established the indivisible connection between tobacco and the turf, the steed and the weed, and now none who aspires to horsiness (and who doesn't on taking the day's little yearly dose of Epsom Downs?) can afford to be without his cigar. Mr. Bernard Shaw is a motorist, so all playwrights aspire to be motorists in spite of Mr. Lionel Britton's sniffs at engineering in his play, *Brain*.

Examples given by the exalted are the surest means of popularizing any form of sport or business or travel. And the finest example of all is that given by the Prince of Wales in the matter of flying. He travels by air whenever he can. He went by air to Sandwich for the Walker Cup contest; he flew to Cardiff to open the new physics laboratory of University College; he flew to Okehampton to tour his estates in the Duchy of Cornwall; and he flies to Le Touquet when he goes there—using the Berck Aerodrome. There is a report that he will enter the Hawker Tomtit that has been set aside for his use at Northolt for the King's Cup race, in which event Squadron-Leader Don would pilot it. Altogether the Prince provides the strongest incentives to air travel in England, or indeed anywhere else.

## Moths and Others.

Judged on the basis of price, power, or prestige, the Moth is the best light aeroplane in the world. But De Havillands themselves would be the last to wish to establish a complete monopoly of the market, for much of the spice of aeroplane producing would then disappear. Moreover a gradual decline in the quality of the machines would be inevitable. Consequently it is the greatest pity that the other light aeroplane-builders show such lamentable lack of judgment in the way they try to sell their machines. The Blackburn Bluebird, before it was taken up by Auto-Auctions, is an example. The Bluebird is one of the most interesting light aeroplanes. The side-by-side seating makes a strong appeal both to those who fly and those who contemplate flying. The construction of the machine is above criticism, the appearance is good, and the performance excellent. It is nothing short of a tragedy the way in which this machine has been handled for selling purposes. First of all, the little extra trouble needed to perfect the lateral control has not been taken. The lateral control is not so good as it ought to be in this machine, but there is no reason to suppose that it could not be put right by the process of trial and error, which is the process which has to be employed in most machines. Changes in the shape or aspect ratio of the ailerons could be made to give the Bluebird as powerful and sensitive a lateral control as could be desired. Then there is the engine. Instead of standardizing one engine, the prospective purchaser is given a bewildering choice of engines each with its own special price. The best engine for the work should have been chosen, and all Bluebirds should have been fitted with it. The modern light aeroplane purchaser does not want to have to select his engine. He prefers to be told by the makers of the aeroplane that the aeroplane is best with one particular engine and that that is the engine he will get.

The only fundamental fault in the Bluebird—and in my opinion it is not a serious one—is the slightly more restricted view as compared with machines with tandem seating. Apart from this the machine possesses no slightest fault that could not be overcome. A sales programme concentrating on one and only one standard Bluebird would have had a good chance of giving the machine a popularity closely approaching that of the Moth. The side-by-side seating is a very real advantage. And so far as landing is concerned, the Bluebird is almost unbendable. But at the present stage in private flying it is a mistake to offer many different models of any light aeroplane.



FOR THE LATEST ATLANTIC FLIGHT

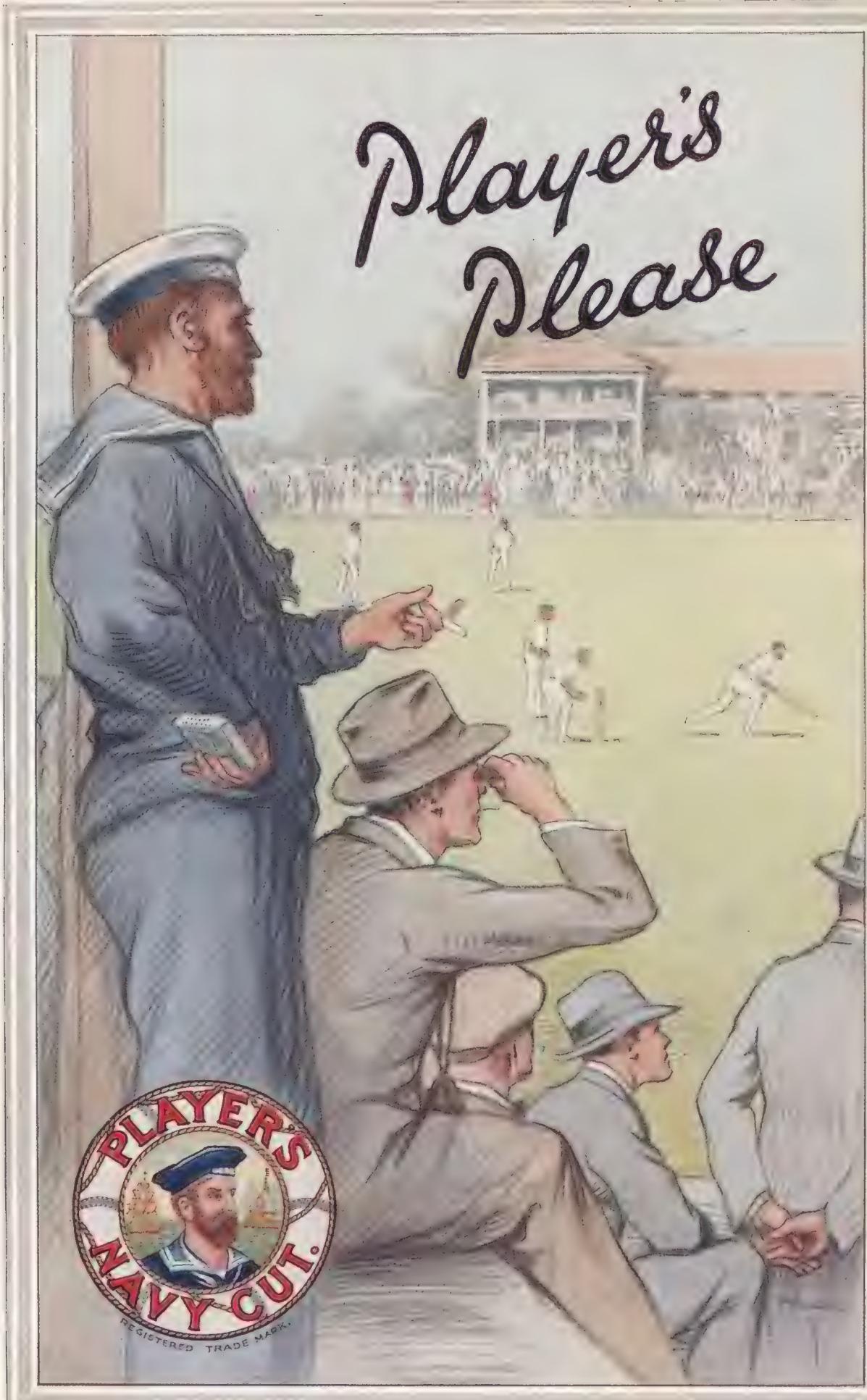
Captain Saul, Captain Kingsford-Smith, and Mr. Van Dyck, who are the latest aspirants for an East to West Atlantic flight. Captain Kingsford-Smith is the pilot, Mr. Van Dyck of the Royal Dutch Air Line the second pilot, and Captain Saul is the navigator



"And fishes of emerald,  
Dive for the moon,

Whose silver is stained  
By the peacock lagoon."  
—Humbert Wolfe

By C. Rebel Stanton





LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN

Lady Howard de Walden presented her eldest daughter, the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, at Their Majesties' Courts last week. She is the twin sister of the heir, the Hon. John Osmael Scott-Ellis, who was born in 1912. Lord and Lady Howard de Walden have four other daughters, the youngest of whom, the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, was only born in 1922. Lord Howard de Walden was originally in the 10th Hussars, and is now Honorary Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

*Photographs by Bertram Park, Dover Street.*

AT THEIR  
MAJESTIES'  
COURTS  
LAST WEEK



THE HON. BRONWEN SCOTT-ELLIS

SACHA AND YVONNE *Gerschel*

In Sacha's delightful curtain-raiser, "Un Soir quand on est Seul," at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. It precedes a revival of "Le Veilleur de Nuit," a twenty-year-old comedy of Sacha's that is as fresh as if it had been written but yesterday

**T**RÈS CHER,—Have you ever known anything so damp as this month? It's spoiling everything from new potatoes to tennis, to say nothing of our cursedly cumbersome evening skirts. The other night it was fine-ish when I set out for the *première* of a revival of one of Sacha Guitry's most famous plays, *Le Veilleur de Nuit*, but by the time I reached the Théâtre de la Madeleine it was as if all the fire-hose in Paris were beating down on the car. To say that I had actually "reached" the theatre is somewhat euphemistic. The nearest parking-place being a good three hundred yards from the entrance, there was nothing for it but to sit tight till the first empty taxi passed and then transfer. What with one-way streets in that part of the city, I had quite a dollar's-worth on the meter after all. Owner-driving is getting to be an expensive pastime in this hamlet. The recent revue, *Vive le Théâtre*, in which Sacha gave vent to his peevishness about a certain well-known critic, did not please the public any more than it pleased the Press. I should hate to say "I told you so," but . . . there it is, and now we have the *Veilleur* instead. Excellent. *Le Veilleur de Nuit* was written some twenty years ago when Sacha was a mere infant and married to that very witty woman, Charlotte Lysès, who had the knack of knowing just how and when to settle him down at his writing-table and promise him lollipops for every bit of good work he turned out. She was some judge of good work too. It was in those days that he gave us *Nono*, *Chez les Zoques*, *La Prise de Berg op Zoom*, and so many other delightful comedies. Well-constructed, soundly and yet charmingly and

JANE RENOARDT AS YVONNE *Achay*

A wonderful imitation which is amusing all Paris in the new revue, "Par Le Temps Qui Court," at the Théâtre Daunou. Jane Renouardt's own house

# Priscilla in Paris

fantastically written . . . not the frothy little affairs padded by good acting that he has thrown at us of late years, trusting to his—and Yvonne's—fluence upon us to pull the whole thing through, and succeeding all too well, alas, simply because he and Yvonne are they themselves, if you know what I mean.

*Le Veilleur de Nuit* has not aged, and still appears sufficiently unmoral to startle even the Young Moderns. One wonders how an audience sat through it in the dear dull days before the war. You remember the story? A Young Woman of the half-world is "kept" by an elderly man of wealth and standing—a dear old fogey who adores his mistress, loving her wisely but, alas (*si vieillesse pouvait*), not too well. She is a decent-minded wench and tries hard, having both respect and esteem for him, to be faithful, but boredom is an insidious enemy. She begins to give parties in order to relieve the tedium of long evenings alone when his duties keep him elsewhere. Her friends and the friends of those friends are of the usual gigolo and *petite femme* variety; one feels that the Young Woman is not in particularly good hands even though they are manicured by Antoine's experts! One morning when an all-night party is breaking up after an even later breakfast than usual a young artist marches into the house. He is supposed to be painting the Young Woman's portrait, but so far a photograph has served as model, since she is usually in bed during painting hours. He is such a Nice Man. Bare-headed, bare-necked, suggesting mossy banks, bread and cheese, lambs gambolling. . . . One can be certain that HE has never "cooked a pipe" or watched the "black smoke" making patterns on the ceiling.

The departing guests try to be funny at his expense, but you can imagine what happens to them, and the Young Woman falls for him . . . oh, how she falls! There are charming love scenes such as only Sacha dare write and Yvonne dare act. Long hair all over the place . . . bare pink toes, Lanvin nighties, and pink crêpe de chine sheets! You know. At least I hope you do. And *le vieux* monsieur in all this? He finds out of course, and, bless him, he is enchanted. Now he feels that he need no longer be anxious and worried about his young mistress' health. Isn't it better for her to have a lover, a nice, open-airish, decent minded (?) youth, than to sit up all night drinking cocktails and smoking with a lot of *petits crêves* . . . and, since the young couple are scandalized at his attitude, he argues his point (Sacha is a marvellous casuist) for their better understanding . . . and ours? You can imagine what Sacha and Yvonne make of this.

A curtain-raiser, also by Sacha, "Un soir quand on est seul," had a great success. A married man shuts himself up in his study for a quiet evening alone . . . but into the room creep four figures in misty grey—his Memory, his Power of Will, his Conscience, and his Fantasy (played by Yvonne in brighter garb, for her clown's suit is made of satin and she wears a silver wig). The man's wife knocks at the door, but he reminds her of their convention that they shall pass the evening apart, and she silently goes away. Then Memory and Conscience (while Power-of-Will dozes) reproach him, and only his Fantasy defends him. Who wins you will no doubt see for yourself when the Guitrys come to London, so I shall not tell you!—P.



Mario Bucovich

## IN THE WINGS!

A striking picture which was awarded a gold medal at the recent photographic exhibition held in Berlin. Herr Mario Bucovich is a noted artistic photographer, and in this instance his models were found at one of the Berlin music halls where, so it is said, they are almost more French than the Moulin Rouge or the Folies Bergère

## ON VIEW IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES



A SPORTING ENCOUNTER AT CARDIFF:  
LORD LONSDALE AND JIMMY WILDE



ADMIRAL BYRD THAWING AT ANCON

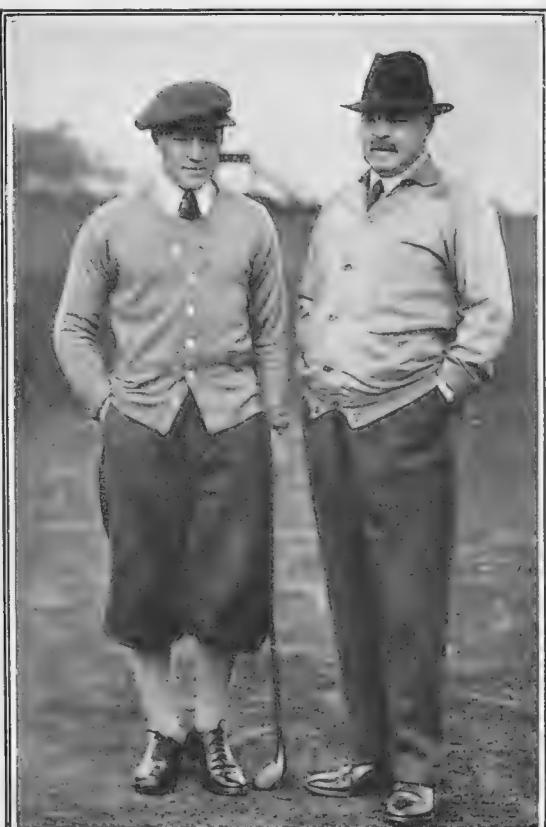
When South Wales held its recent Lonsdale Sports Week to endow a Lonsdale bed in Cardiff Infirmary Lord Lonsdale's presence was a great asset. During his visit he renewed his acquaintance with the great little Jimmy Wilde, ex-world's champion fly-weight and winner of the Lonsdale belt. Admiral Byrd, the gallant American explorer, has been sunning himself at Ancon in the Canal zone on his way back to the States after two hazardous years in the Antarctic icefields. Colonel Dalby, who commands the K.R.R.C., and Mrs. Dalby were snapped at the Southern Command Show



AT TIDWORTH: COLONEL AND MRS. DALEY



LIBERALS AT HEREFORD: MR. FRANK OWEN, M.P., AND LORD BEAUCHAMP



IAN SMITH  
SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.P., AND HIS NEPHEW, MR. A. D. HUTCHISON

Liberals rallied in force at the garden party held recently at Hereford's Liberal Club. Mr. Frank Owen, as M.P. for Hereford, is the youngest Member in the House. Lord Beauchamp is the Leader of the Liberal Party in the Lords. Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison, the Chief Liberal Whip, and his nephew were among the many to whom the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews was an irresistible draw. Mr. Roger Wethered, who raised British hopes for the first nine holes of his struggle with the superlative "Bobby," defeated Mr. L. Hartley in the semi-final round



MR. ROGER WETHERED AND MR. LISTER HARTLEY MATCHED IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND AT ST. ANDREWS



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THE PRINCESS OTTO VON  
BISMARCK

---

The beautiful wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, who is a Secretary at the German Legation in London and is a grandson of Germany's great Iron Chancellor. Incidentally, Prince Otto von Bismarck is a godson of the late Earl of Rosebery. The Princess, who was presented last year on her marriage, attended this year's Courts as a wife of a member of the Corps Diplomatique. The Princess is a Scandinavian, and before her marriage in 1928 was Miss Annie Tengbom

*Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

# THE PASSING SHOWS

*"The Last Chapter," at the New Theatre*



MISS JOYCE KENNEDY AND MR. OWEN NARES

The fallen lady of the sin-and-sex-novelist's first best-seller apologizes alcoholically for invading the harem in borrowed pyjamas at an awkward moment. In the Epilogue which comes first, Mr. Nares neither speaks nor moves. Dead men don't!

**T**WO fair sleuths backed their powers of criminal deduction half-way through *The Last Chapter*. "I'll bet anything," said one, "that he was murdered by the woman in black." "I'll bet sixpence," retorted the other, "that he wasn't dead at all."

Of the woman in black, more later. The second theory appeared to be discredited by Mr. Owen Nares' trousers. That what I saw in the epilogue *were* trousers no reasonable observer could deny. That they contained the lower half of Mr. Nares himself and none other was to be inferred from the applause from the upper circle. From the prompt side of the stalls one merely saw a pair of legs. The rest was hidden by an arm-chair containing the presumed corpse. But Mr. Nares was first on the programme as Victor Gresham, and Fletcher, the valet (Mr. Edgar Norfolk), after viewing his master, forthwith rang up the police. In due course a passing constable, an inspector, and a police surgeon proclaimed that Victor Gresham, the novelist, had committed suicide at his desk. A note in his own handwriting absolved anyone else from responsibility for the crime. A revolver lay on the floor near the dead man's chair.

How and why did Victor Gresham die? That is the mystery which Edith and Edward Ellis, the American authors of *The Last Chapter*, invite you to solve. They give you the epilogue first and then put back the clock to the night before to show you what actually happened.

As the Famous Players Guild, Ltd.—this is their first venture in co-operative management—went to the expense of inserting in the programme a request that the audience would refrain from giving away the surprise, it behoves me to choose my words with circumspection. But I shall be furious if anyone solves the riddle sooner than I did, which, to be exact, was about ten minutes from the end.

Victor Gresham wrote sex novels whose intimate details were simply his own experiences in the promiscuous paths of purple fashion. The growing list of best sellers was the record of the Cad's Progress. Nan Fitzgerald came first, the heroine of "Deep Sailing." That hectic month of aquatic and other pastimes made Victor's name. When Nan faded out of the picture someone else came along, and the result was "String Music." "For Ever Lilith" followed, and then "The Spangled Summer." Our acquaintance with Victor begins when his latest masterpiece, "Frailty," breathlessly awaited by a million fluttering hearts, is all complete bar the last chapter.

Victor had two excuses for turning his mistresses into "copy." One—the ladies didn't mind the publicity one bit. Two—his publisher. Shades of the Bodley Head! Victor, being weak where women—and royalties—were concerned, was caught up in a vicious circle with Mr. Binder (Mr. Francis L. Sullivan) as the motive-power in the hub.

Mr. Binder had curious ideas about publicity. He arranged a party in Victor's rooms with the object of ensuring a good "crash in" on the new story, and invited all the heroines of all the previous romances to dance, drink cocktails, and talk through some classical music at one o'clock



MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD

As the reason why Victor Gresham wanted to end "Frailty" with the suicide of the hero—alias himself



MR. EDGAR NORFOLK

The novelist's new valet reading the proofs of "Frailty," all complete bar the Last Chapter. And thereby hangs the crux and surprise of the play

Amateur detectives will not fail to note that this dishonoured lady carried a revolver as well as dope in her hand-bag.

Victor removed both the next morning and set about the business of the day—that last chapter which somehow wouldn't get finished. "Frailty's" hero was a self-portrait of the author, his life, and his loves. Victor wanted to kill him off and finish "Frailty" on the novel note of suicide. But resolve went deeper than that. He wanted to kill his real self off too. The cause of the cad's conversion was Jean Sinclair (Miss Lydia Sherwood). Jean was an intelligent, nice-minded country girl and quoted Keats. She was engaged to his publicity man, but that didn't worry Victor. For the first time in his life he was in love—Victor, who had boasted in one of his cynical epigrams that he had "made Adultery safe for Democracy," and followed that up by wondering "how many romances men would write if you took away their memories"!

Jean came to see him about some magazine illustrations for a serial, and the two fell into each other's arms. Then, at the critical moment, Nan burst in from the bedroom wearing emblematically a pair of Victor's scarlet pyjamas, and the spell was broken. Jean gathered up her portfolio and executed a rapid all-is-over-between-us movement to the door. Nan went back to play her violin and die of drink in some Continental cabaret, and Victor (Act III) at last began to tackle the tricky business of that last chapter.

Calls for the authors and a modest speech from Mr. Nares, who hinted that the Famous Players Guild were moved by a lofty desire to do something good for the theatre (he didn't mention the box office, to which category this piece belongs), rounded off a pleasant evening. The surprise

in the morning. Two coy and giggling maidens and one falsetto lounge-lizard, said to represent the Bright Young Things, attended. Victor was surprised, bored, and off-hand in turn. The situation was amusing if incredible. One by one the various "dark ladies" who had been miaowing at each other with claws unsheathed took their departure. Only one stayed behind.

That was Nan Fitzgerald (Miss Joyce Kennedy) and she was too drunk to go. Victor, with his new valet's kindly assistance, dosed her down on the sofa and went to bed.

Nan had come all the way from Vienna because she had one of her "hunches" that Victor was in danger.

beginning and the more surprising ending are the magnets which should draw liberally on the ranks of the amateur sleuths. If a good deal of the rest is rather obvious padding which apes the atmosphere of "The Second Man" without achieving the wit or *élan* of that dashing comedy (Act I, the party, cuts no great ice either in artifice or action), the guessers cannot complain on the whole.



MISS KAY HAMMOND

The American chorus girl with bright ideas about culture, cocktails, and blackmail



MISS DOROTHY BLACK

Drinking a toast to the rival heroines at a publicity party in the novelist's rooms

NERMAN



MISS GRIZELDA HERVEY

As the charmer who inspired the intimate details of one particularly purple novel and then told her neglectful but jealous husband

The rival charmers provide some nice contrasts in casting and playing. There is Miss Lydia Sherwood's fresh and wholesome artist; Miss Grizelda Hervey's distressful wife; Miss Kay Hammond, complete with her mop of curls and the shattering Cockney accent of *From Nine till Six*, as an American chorus-girl well versed in the art of gold-digging; Miss Jane Amstel as a "dark horse" with "county" written all over her (which only goes for to show . . .); Miss Dorothy Black as a dark and sinuous actress, slightly foreign and vastly jealous; and finally, Miss Joyce Kennedy's tipsy, tragic, white-faced Bohemian, the most moving picture in all the galaxy of charm and talent. Miss Dora Gregory's spinsterly vignette of an elderly secretary is large as life and twice as natural; and Mr. Arthur Macrae's unhappy publicity-man, and Mr. Richard Gray's jealous husband (also with revolver) are evidence that the Guild and the producer, Mr. Reginald Denham, put quality before quantity. Mr. Nares, whom I greatly admire, plays the cad with so much of his usual quiet blandishment and what Mr. James Agate once called "his best Oberammergau manner," as to suggest at moments that the portrait might have been drawn in more sinful colours. The oil was there but not the vinegar. The even tenor of Mr. Nares' way was like the soft music of a Marcel wave upon a blameless beach. I could scarcely believe that this slightly blasé but endearing bachelor had combined pleasure and business by ruining at least one Lilith per spangled summer—not to mention the little French actress who committed suicide. But men, they do say, were deceivers ever. Otherwise our Famous Player played famously—dead and alive. "TRINCULO."

## On "Shamrock V's" "off" Day at Cowes



MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, LADY HULTON, MR. SHAUGHNESSY, AND LADY CASTLEROSE



SIR WALTER PRESTON AND MR. AND MRS. KENNETH PRESTON



MR. H. C. TAYLER, MR. N. CLARK NEILL, AND MISS NEILL



LORD WARING



THE HON. MRS. BROWNLOW AND CAPTAIN H. E. SULLIVAN



COLONEL A. M. B. GAGE, MRS. RUSSELL COOKE, AND GENERAL SIR TOM BRIDGE

All the snapshots in this page were taken at Royal London Y.C. regatta, which really opens the season at Cowes. The big attraction was of course the "Shamrock V" trials, but on this particular day Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, who has shown that she can fly, had one of her off days and was again beaten by "Lulworth." Too much need not be made of it for it is said her mainsail (she is Bermudian rigged like "Cambria" and "Candida") did not set well—a fault easily put right. There was a moderate easterly sailing wind and the race for the big 'uns' which "Lulworth" won from "Britannia," was over a thirty-nine mile course. Lord Waring's "White Heather" was fourth behind "Shamrock V." The group at the top of this page was taken aboard Lady Hulton's speed-boat "Viking," which followed the big race; all the others bar the snapshot of Lord Waring were taken on shore in the charming hamlet of Cowes

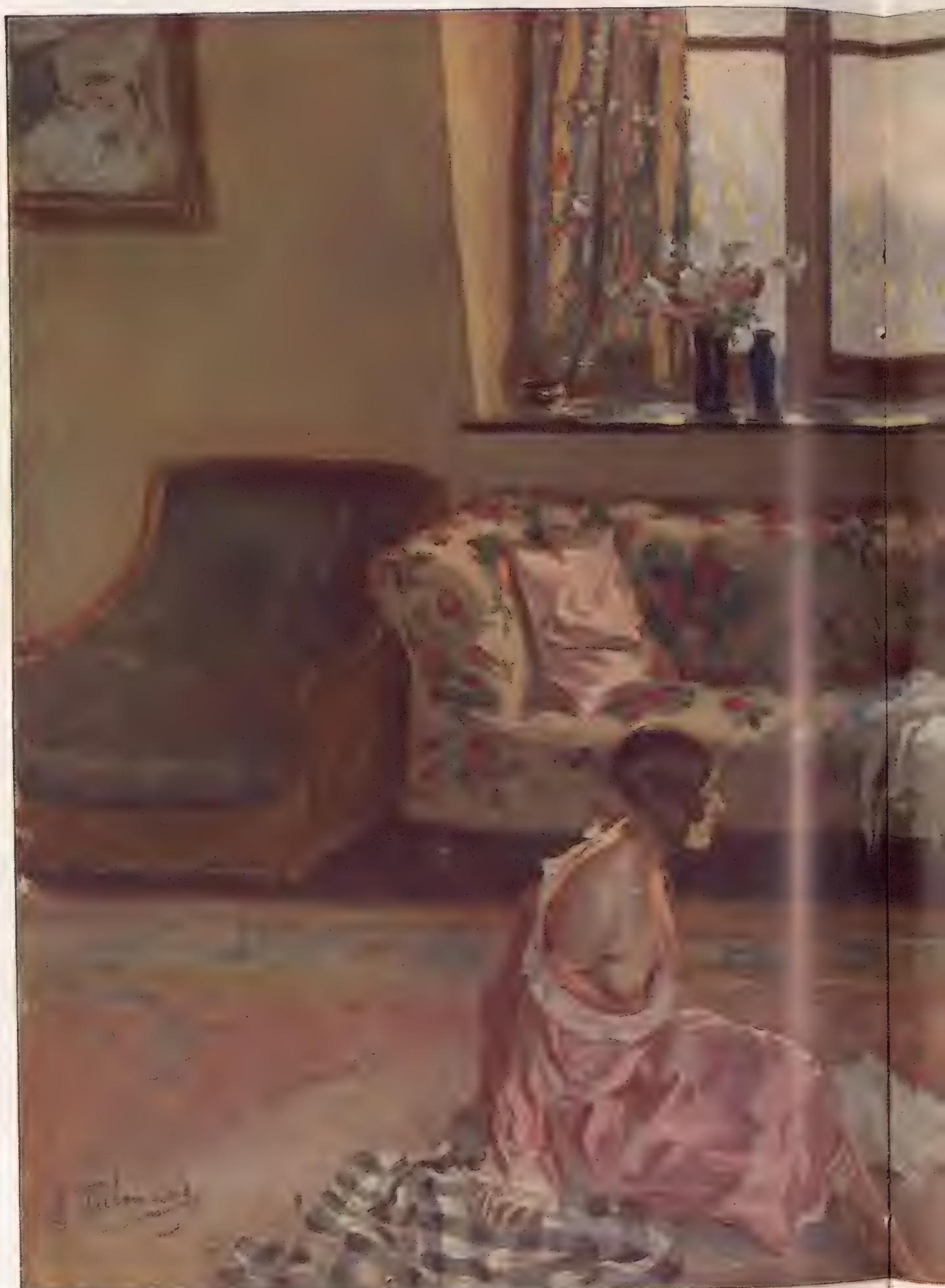
Photographs by Arthur Owen

## A RIO Rhapsody



## "MAXIXE," THE EXOTIC BRAZILIAN DANCE

A typical scene in a Brazilian night club, where, incidentally, there is no fear of a raid by the local Scotland Yard, for the police are always on the spot fully armed for any emergency. *Vide* picture of sleuth on the left



THE MORNING

By Algernon Talmage, I



MORNING SUN

*Jernon Talmage, R.A.*

Bond St

## ASPREY

London

*All bags are available in various colours*Hide Leather. Silver-gilt mounts.  
2.17.6Hand Loomed Leather.  
3.12.6Polished Crocodile.  
5.15.0Hand Loomed Leather. Silver-gilt mount.  
5.12.6Hand Loomed Leather.  
3.7.6Hand Loomed Leather.  
4.0.0Hide Leather. All colours.  
4.15.0Hide Leather. Silver-gilt mounts.  
3.12.6

Pigskin. 21-

Crocodile. Also in other colours.  
7.17.6Morocco Leather. Various colours.  
21-Hide Leather. In many colours.  
3.12.6

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

## IN THE FILM ARC LIGHT!

LEILA HYAMS IN "THE BIG HOUSE" *Hurrell*NANCY CARROLL IN "THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY" *Richee*MARY BRIAN AND JACK OAKIE IN "HIGH SOCIETY" *Richee*

## THIS WAY FOR YORK RACES

THE EARL OF HAREWOOD  
AND MRS. BULTEELH.R.H. PRINCESS MARY (COUNTESS  
OF HAREWOOD AND MRS. CLAYTONMR. AND MRS. ALBANY CHARLESWORTH  
AND (centre) LADY GRIMTHORPELADY ALWYNE COMPTON-VYNER  
AND LADY GEORGE DUNDASMAJOR THE HON. EDWARD  
AND MRS. LASCELLESMRS. CHARLES MILLS  
AND LORD MANTON

The concluding day of York Races, at which these photographs were taken, proved a successful one for the North Country, three of the most important events being won by Yorkshire-trained horses. Princess Mary's great fondness for racing was further exemplified by her presence at the meeting, to attend which H.R.H. and Lord Harewood made a special journey from London, for they were both present at Court on the Tuesday. Lord Harewood was recently elected a Steward of the Jockey Club in place of Sir George Bullough, who retires by rotation. Mrs. Clayton was naturally delighted at the success of Mr. H. F. Clayton's Six Wheeler, who took on a longer distance than he had previously negotiated in public to win the Great Northern Handicap. Mrs. Albany Charlesworth, Lord Grimthorpe's cousin, lives at Grinton Lodge, which has one of the best grouse moors in Swaledale. Major Lascelles is Lord Harewood's only brother, and Lady George Dundas is a sister-in-law of the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Zetland. Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner is another Yorkshire personality, while Lord Manton occupies one of Warwickshire's largest houses.

## AN AIR SHOT AT ST. ANDREWS



## THE MECCA OF ALL GOOD GOLFERS

A unique study of St. Andrews, taken from the air by Captain Alfred G. Buckham, F.R.P.S. The little grey home of the Royal and Ancient Club, the headquarters of golf and supreme arbitrator on the rules of the game, provided the battlefield for the recent Amateur Championship, one of the most thrilling on record

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE following story is told by Norman Long, the well-known entertainer:

"An out-of-work went into a butcher's shop one Saturday night and told the butcher that he wanted a joint for the next day, but he only had 1s. 6d. The shopkeeper happened to be a sympathetic sort of man."

"You want a joint and you've only got eighteenpence?" he said, "Well, how many are there in the family?"

"There's me and the missus and six kids," replied the buyer.

"That's eight altogether," said the butcher. "Just a minute, and I'll go and talk to the wife to see what we can do about it."

"Just as he was disappearing behind the shop-door the out-of-work called out: 'And the missus says I'm to say she don't like cold meat after Wednesday!'"

\* \* \* \*

Father was playing a game of golf one afternoon when his wife and little daughter met him and followed him round.

After watching her father intently every time he came to a green, the little girl inquired of her mother in a shrill tone that could be heard by all: "Mummy, why mustn't Daddy's ball go into the little hole?"

\* \* \* \*

The subject of the sermon was Jonah, and an old lady in the front pew was keenly interested.

"Now, what kind of a fish do ye suppose it was that swallowed Jonah?" cried the minister. "Aiblins it was a herrin'? Aye, but it was no' a herrin'. Aiblins it was a cod? Aye, but it was no' a cod. Then, dearly beloved brethren, what sort o' a fush was it? Was it a shairk?"

The old lady could keep silence no longer.

"Maybe it was a whale," she said.

The minister rose in fury.

"Ye daft, bletherin' bizum," he roared, "ye're takin' the word o' God out o' the mooth o' ane o' His ministers."



"ENIGMA"

Mario Bucovich

An artistic study of a famous German actress by Mario Bucovich, the noted photographic artist. This picture won a gold medal at the photographic exhibition recently held in Berlin.



Frank Davis  
MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD IN "THE LAST CHAPTER"

The "nice girl" in the mystery play at the New Theatre, and the only one the novelist really loved of all the ladies with whom he had affairs to get material for his various books. Unfortunately someone murders him because of the sixth book before he has time to embark on his seventh adventure.

"Daddie," announced Tommy, "I think I should like to get married."

"Do you, son? And whom do you want to marry?" asked the fond parent.

"Well," said the child, "I think I'd like to marry Grannie."

His father laughed heartily.

"And do you think I'd let you marry my mother?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't you?" countered the small son, "you married mine, didn't you?"

\* \* \* \*

"Sam, dat mule you sol' me am blind."

"What makes you say dat?"

"I let him loose, an' he just ran into a tree."

"Dat mule ain't blind. He jes' don't care a darn, dat's all."

\* \* \* \*

A very angry man entered the estate agent's office. "Where's that swindling employer of yours?" he yelled to the astonished boy sitting at the desk. "What's the trouble, sir?" asked the boy in terror. "Trouble!" screamed the man. "Trouble!" He sold me a house and told me that in six months I wouldn't part with it not for a thousand pounds?" Just at that moment the estate agent walked in. "That's right," he said coolly, "and you haven't, have you?"

\* \* \* \*

A letter was sent to a rich manufacturer in the States demanding 50,000 dollars or otherwise his wife would be kidnapped. Through an error the letter was delivered to a poor labourer of the same name, who replied: "I ain't got no money, but I'm interested in your proposition."

\* \* \* \*

The ship was sinking, and the passengers and crew were lined up on deck awaiting the order to take to the boats. Suddenly, above the noise of the wind and the shouting of orders there rose an anguished voice.

"Does anybody want to buy a nice new kit of golf clubs—cheap?"



One of Edward Burne-Jones's most famous paintings is known as "The Golden Stairs." These are golden because of the lovely women who are mounting them. The artist knew that he could find no more fascinating subject for his brush. + Today we are invariably attracted by a woman on a staircase, especially when she is someone we have read about, someone we have wanted to know, or someone who has always been very near in our thought. + Look at Elizabeth Arden as she bends toward you on that charming rail. What would she say if her picture could speak? + Something like this: "My Bond Street Salon, like my many others throughout the world, is for one purpose — to help you find the beauty you are seeking. + Each floor of my establishment is dedicated to beauty and health. + Each floor has something for you personally. + It may all seem strange for a moment and beyond your reach, but trust me enough to visit me, to meet me, to let me show you every nook and corner, to take you into my secrets, to make you understand — for then I am sure that you will believe in me, in what I want to do for you and in what I can do"

# ELIZABETH ARDEN

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PARIS BERLIN ROME MADRID

# Pictures in the Fire : By "SABRETACHE"

A most excellent pen-picture of peaceful Peshawur is contained in these following sentences from the record of "The Times" correspondent on the spot, and that gentleman is to be felicitated upon achieving so much "atmosphere" in so small a space:

Early this morning I rode through the Kabul Gate and down the Kissa Khani—street of the story-tellers—where men sell carpets from Turkestan, silks from Bokhara, or humbler goods from every corner of the East. The shops were open and the market was waking to noisy activity, which is a much healthier sign than the silent, deserted city of a few days back. From a distance came a rattle like far-off rifle fire, where the craftsmen of the copper bazaars were beating their wares into shape.

Good as this is, I am inclined to think that the one I quote below is even better. It was written a long time ago anonymously by someone in India, and published without any acknowledgement at all in an Australian paper:

What do you sell, O ye merchants?

Richly your wares are displayed.

"Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade."

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?

"Wristlet and anklet and ring.

Bells for the feet of blue pigeons,  
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,  
Girdles of gold for the dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king."

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?

"Citron, pomegranate, and plum."

What do you play, O musicians?

"Cithar, sarangi, and drum."

What do you chant, O magicians?

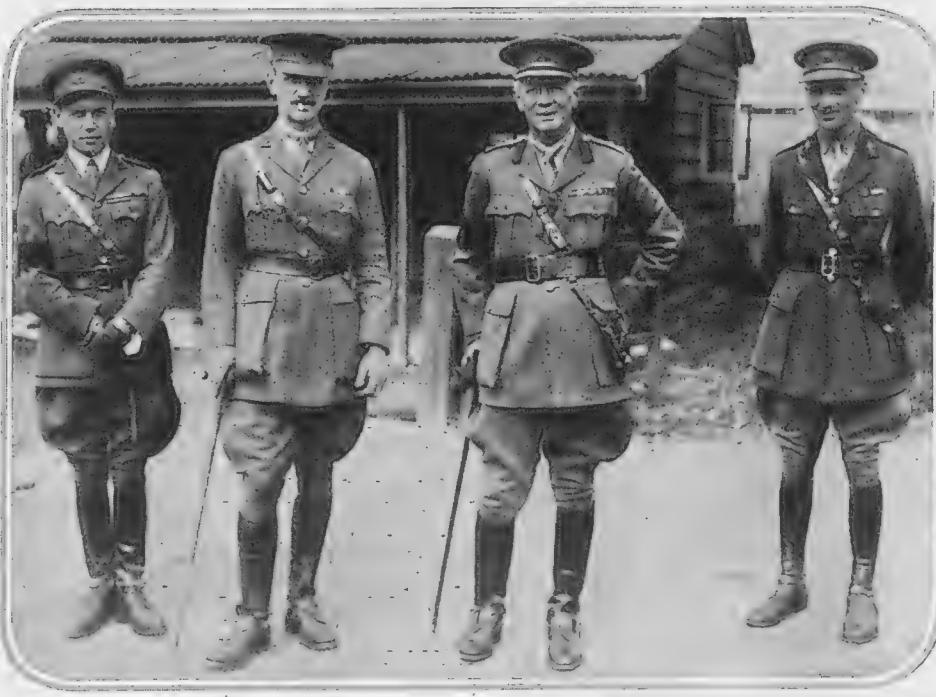
"Spells for the aeons to come."

What do ye weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?

"Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his head,  
Sheets of white blossoms new-gathered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead."

\* \* \* \*

People in England who have belongings in India are not unnaturally rather anxious for news other than that which is provided in the various cables and pronouncements in the House of Commons. It is usually the little sidelights which best present the picture, and I have had not a few sent to me, some of which it is quite discreet to publish; others which it might not be quite so discreet to publish in a situation such as the present one is, with so much inflammable material lying about. This much, however, I think ought



Truman Howell

WITH THE ROYAL MONMOUTHSHIRE R.E.'S

The Commanding Officer, Lord Raglan, and some of his staff at Monmouth, where this unit is in camp for its annual training. The names, left to right, are: Captain H. Genet, M.C., R.E., Lieut.-Colonel Lord Raglan, Colonel R. L. B. Thompson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., C.R.E., the Western Command, and Captain S. A. H. Batten, R.E., who is the adjutant of the unit, and is well known at the Olympia Horse Show

they would have tried to loot Peshawur during the time when things were so edgy; but either they could not see enough in it or certain arrangements which the Bolshie agents told them were perfected to paralyze our armed resistance were not as convincing to the tribesmen as the agents hoped they would be. We know of course that a very sturdy effort was made to paralyze the effective armed force, but it missed fire. Incidentally these commercially-minded gentry on the Frontier are quite capable of pocketing all the money the Bolshie is ready to put up and then double-crossing him. It's the hard stuff they want and I do not believe any other reason will ever sway them. They would prefer someone to run India who could not stop their raiding, but that is all that there is to it so far as they are concerned.

If they thought Gandhi knew anything and that he was not selling them a pup when he said that the British Raj was finished, they would waltz in at once all along the Frontier and fight us because they might believe that we had ceased to have the power to stop them looting. If Gandhi and his friends were presented with India to-morrow, he and they would not have even the few clothes they do wear left to them the day after to-morrow. They might try smearing themselves with salt to hide their nakedness; but that is about all that they would have left. It has been a very uncomfortable time for our troops, a large number of which, as some people know, were in their hot-weather stations in the Hills when this rebellion started, and I hear stories of brigades coming down in lorries along those appallingly edgy mountain roads

(Continued on p. viii)



THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF VILLABRAGIMA

At Roehampton the day the El Gordo polo team knocked The Cavaliers out 8 to 4 in their tie in the Roehampton Open Cup. The Marquis of Villabragima was the No. 2 behind Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, and behind were Mr. Jack Traill and Mr. L. L. Lacey, a pretty formidable combination

# Seven-league shoes



How uncomfortable were the clothes of twenty-five years ago. 'Dressed to kill' meant half killing yourself in an effort to don the constricting and suffocating fashions of the Edwardian era. To-day we are much, much freer. We have relaxed without becoming lax. Our clothes give comfort and freedom. All that remains is to bring our shoes into line with the general advance. For in the matter of foot comfort we have lagged sadly behind. The majority of us are still wearing the cramping, uncomfortably-shaped shoes of a by-gone generation. These shoes do not conform to the ground plan of the normal, healthy foot. They disregard its

straight inner line. They squeeze and bunch it into an unnatural shape and make all walking very tiring. But Cantilevers are different. For Cantilever Shoes are like seven-league shoes, in comparison with the shoes you are at present wearing. They enable you to walk freely, tirelessly and comfortably. Look at the diagram. There you will see the exact difference between the ordinary shoe and the Cantilever Shoe. That explains the comfort, the freedom—the sheer joy you can obtain in British-made Cantilevers. They are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. There's a pair that will fit you beautifully.

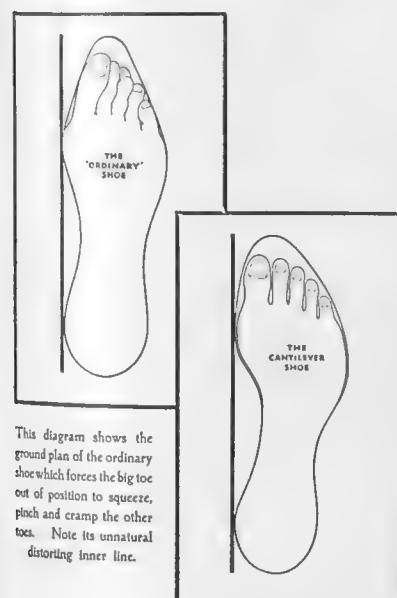
*Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store*

*Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principal, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store: —*

**CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.**

# Cantilever Shoes

*for comfortable walking.*



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.

This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

# POLO NOTES

By  
"SERREFILE."

IT is only natural, I suppose, that everyone should not take the same view of our recently formed International team's performance in the match at Hurlingham on May 24, when it beat a very strong scratch team 8 to 6—one of their goals being scored from a penalty. I find that the keenest critics of what then happened are some American visitors who were present. I am told that the notes in this page were far too forbearing, and that it was not a performance of International class. Another person says that it was "a bad game" All this may be true. The position as I viewed, and still view it, is this: that it would be quite unjust to pronounce judgment on a performance of a team which was then together for the first time, and three-fourths of it on ponies new to it. No one was more fully aware than the team itself that it was not a performance which would bear any present comparison with that of a finished team. How could it be? Rugger and soccer and cricket teams and lawn tennis doubles do not knit at their first experience in action together; so why should a polo team be expected to do so? It would be a miracle if any of these things fitted together at the first go off. The days of miracles are long past. Captain Tremayne does not need anyone to teach him his job, for it is quite evident that he is as long-headed and as popular an O.C. operations as British polo has ever had the good fortune to possess, and I think we can leave this business to him with absolute confidence. The matter of team-building in England is only in the preliminary stage. This team about which we are talking may not be the final selection, though it seems probable that something like it will be.

IT is fairly obvious that we have better material to hand than we have had for many years, for one main reason, namely, that so much of it has had actual experience of polo in America. Captain C. T. I. Roark, Mr. Aidan Roark, Mr. L. L. Lacey, Captain R. George, Mr. Gerald Balding, Major Phipps-Hornby, Captain Tremayne, Major E. G. Atkinson, and Mr. H. P. Guinness have all played in America, and five of them, Captain Roark, Captain George, Major E. G. Atkinson, Mr. L. L. Lacey, and Major Phipps-Hornby have played in International matches v. America. Unfortunately these notes have to be sent in before the next trial match is played at Hurlingham on June 3, and also before the Whit-Monday match, June 9, and this is a disadvantage. On the 3rd it is announced that the Blues (the probable England side) will be L. L. Lacey, No. 1; G. Balding, No. 2;



THE MICRO-ORGANISMS

The team which won the Spring Tournament at Toulston, Yorkshire, beating the 5th Dragoon Guards "B." The names, left to right, are: Major F. Colley, Mr. R. W. Hill-Forster, Mr. G. E. Tennant, and Mr. W. Riley Smith who skippers the team

6-goals' start from The Hurricanes. They beat them 13 to 8, which means—that they would only have been beaten by 1 goal if they had started level. The Hurricanes are a team of International class pretty nearly: Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. Gerald Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Colonel P. K. Wise. This Goulbourn performance rather opens our eyes and puts this team in quite a different class from the one in which some people thought it was—a bit above first-class regimental. It may even be more than this. It may attract the gaze of Captain Tremayne. I think this Goulbourn performance was a real eye-opener, and not only to The Hurricanes. Writing before the final of the Whitney Cup, in which Goulbourn meet Captain Tremayne's Bridge House side, it is almost any calculable odds on their winning. Our International team's chief need is battle practice against teams in being, and not against scratch sides, however good, and I feel it in my bones that if it met this well-organized Australian side it would be a very stretching gallop. Even allowing that Mr. Sanford and Colonel Wise were not at their best in this Whitney Cup semi-final, it pans out to a pretty good performance. It is quite possible that we have yet to find out how good the Australian team may be. It may have a "Bradman" and a "Grimmett" in it for all that we know, to say nothing of a "Ponsford" and a "Woodfull."



MR. H. C. COX

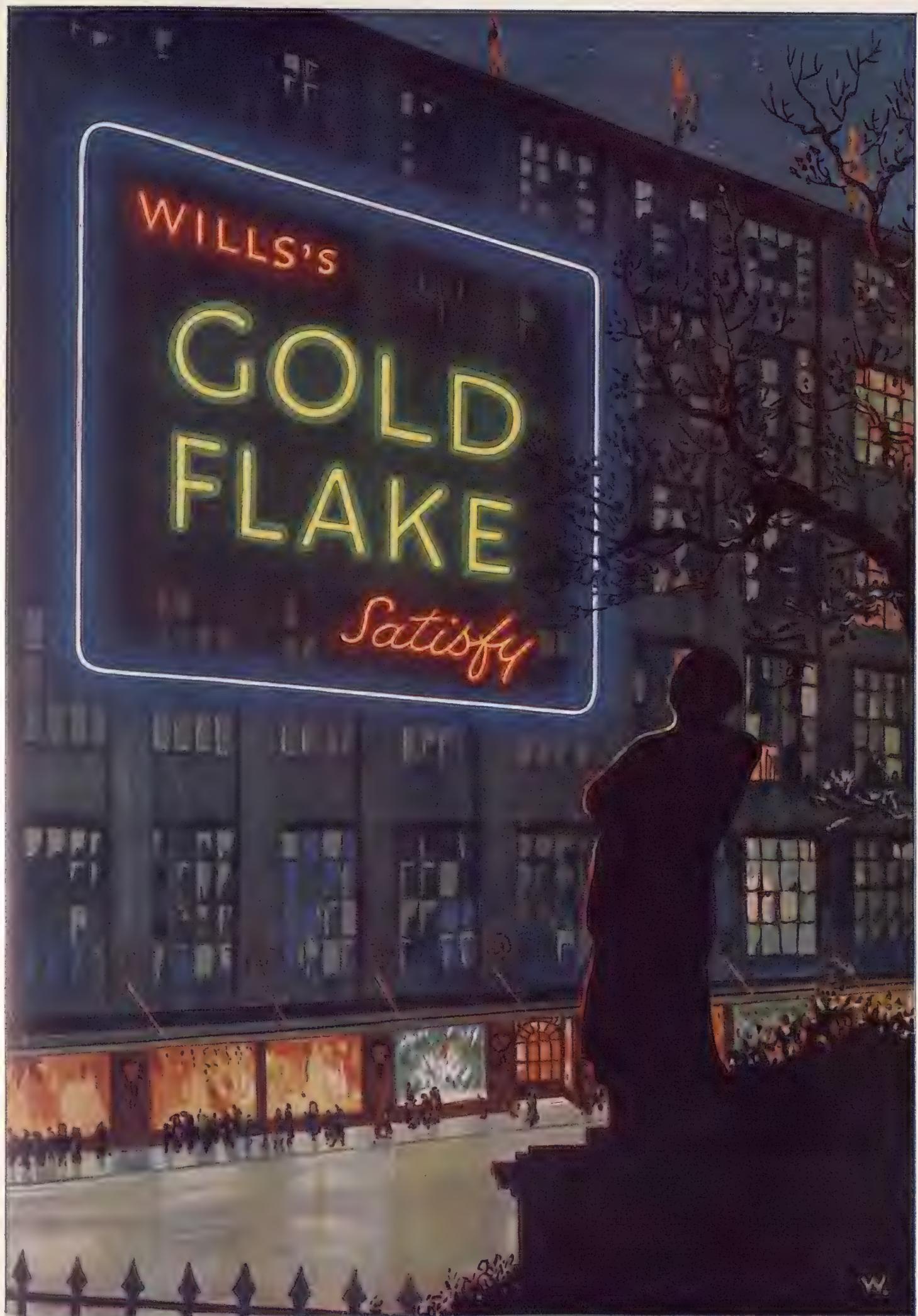
The Canadian sportsman who has been so largely concerned in making the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton and Down Farm the magnificent polo centre it is. They have already got eight grounds, with a ninth on the way: a great achievement

Captain C. T. I. Roark, No. 3; and Aidan Roark, back. The opposing team of Whites is: Captain R. George, No. 1; Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, No. 2; Captain C. H. Tremayne, No. 3; and Colonel P. K. Wise, back. Mr. L. L. Lacey is an ex-English International (1924), and it was said a short time ago that as he had identified himself with the Argentine team and had played for it v. America in 1928 it was not considered feasible to play him for England. We are fully entitled to do so, however, as he is a member of Hurlingham and an Englishman born and bred.

A thing which now seems to suggest itself is this, that the Australian team, a well-organized unit, ought to be played against any International team we may be thinking of selecting. In this Whitney Cup semi-final, Goulbourn (Australia) were entitled to a

If the semi-final in the Whitney Cup told us something about this Australian team, its performance in the Roehampton Open Cup told us a great deal more. In this latter tie it won by 12 to 4, and the team it beat was composed of the following: Captain R. George (1),

(Continued on p. x)



# ANY BATHING SUIT WON'T DO

It will be hard to decide between the apple-green and black with the orange belt, and that heavenly kingfisher blue bound with white. But when you've seen the tempting colours and the thrilling designs, when you've felt the soft, springy wool, and noticed the firm knit and trim tailoring and the low price—you'll know that this year it must be a Wolsey bathing suit.

Think how you'll look in one on the shore, when the sun brings out your colour and you get nice and brown. Picture yourself lazing on the sand ; riding a ninth wave on one of those preposterous sea-horses.

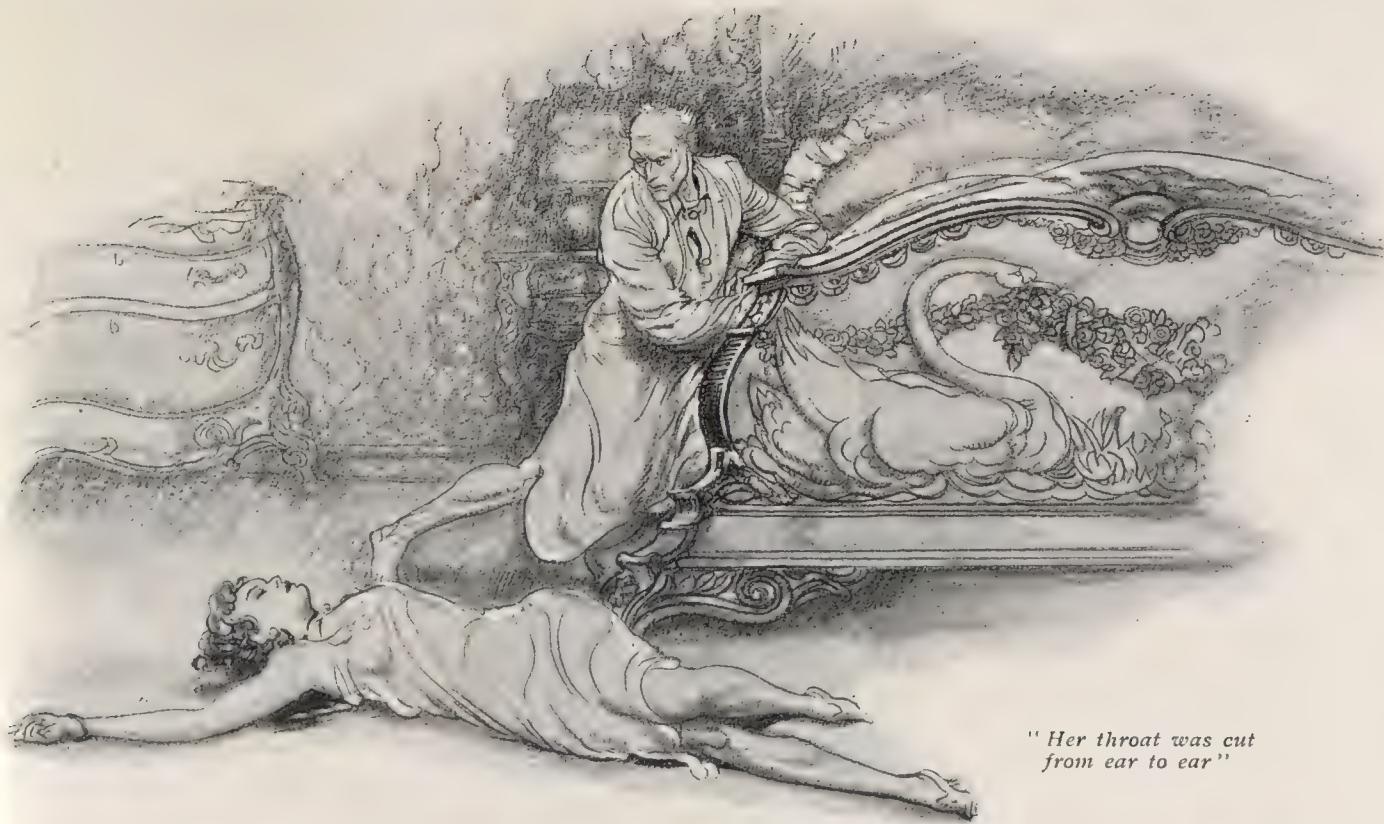
Any of these suits will fit you to perfection, only the colour has to be decided. And the fit will be neat and natty all the season, the suit won't shrink or sag or lose shape.

All the colours are sea-fast. And Wolsey bathing suits give employment to British people in Leicester—which in these times is worth remembering.

# WOLSEY BATHING SUITS



WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER



## CANON WIDGEON'S SECRET

By Baromess von Hutton

I.

TO this day, as the procession of clergymen and choristers flow nobly up the aisle, strangers within the gates of Frassiter Cathedral crane their necks and in a whisper ask each other, "Whose can be that voice?"

The voice is Canon Widgeon's who has sang there, boy and man, for over fifty years.

Canon Widgeon is now sixty-one years old. He lives in a narrow wedge of a house on the north side of the Close; his life is singularly uneventful, even for a quiet cathedral town, for as well as being extremely shy, he stammers, and is short-sighted to a degree that makes him in society not only an embarrassed but an embarrassing man. He is, however, by no means unhappy, for he has various pleasures and these are beautiful and dear to him.

On days when Mr. Bravery is not practising, the old gentleman climbs to the organ loft of the splendid cathedral and plays very softly for an hour. He adores the cathedral next to his God, and music is in his mind a thing hardly separate from either.

He never stammers when singing or reading the Bible, and with poor people his shyness melts away, leaving him happy and at ease. His own house, too, is a source of quiet joy to him, and he is proud of the sweeping, green, West Country view from his study window. Physically he is strange; a very tall man, thin as a lath, he has a long neck festooned with loose skin like that of a turkey, and his speaking voice is high and weak, almost like an adolescent's. Year in, year out, this old man goes his quiet way, known by but few people, laughed at by many, and though respected by everyone, regarded as a man almost without the pale of human experience, and certainly as one to whom no adventure of any kind could ever have come.

Yet Canon Widgeon, at the age of forty-nine, had one of the most singular adventures that can ever have happened to any man.

And here it is.

II.

It was in the early autumn of the year of 1916 or 1917, and he had been spending a month at Bournemouth for his always delicate health. In his hotel a friendly, plain, elderly woman named Walters, had observed and taken pity on his helpless, absent-minded ways and befriended him. They had

walked together and talked, and even occasionally drunk their after-dinner coffee at the same little table in the lounge, for Miss Walters was shrewd and sensitive, and appreciated the shy beauty of the grotesque-looking clergyman's nature. The evening before he left for London on his way to Frassiter she happened to ask him whether he had engaged a room in town for the night.

"N—no," he answered, blinking nervously at her in his owlish way. "I—I did not know it was necessary."

"Well, it is," she assured him, explaining that for some reason connected with the War, London was at the moment packed to overflowing. "Some friends of mine," she added, "went to four hotels the other day before they could get rooms, and then Mr. Leavitt had to sleep on the billiard table."

"Dear me, dear me," murmured the Canon, his face cracked all over with wrinkles of distress. "I shouldn't like that at all."

"I am sure you wouldn't," she laughed, and taking a key from her bag she handed it to him, together with a card on which were engraved her name and address: Miss G. Walters, 4a, Merrion Mansions, Merrion Street, Baker Street, W.

"You get the underground from Waterloo to Baker Street," she went on, fixing him with her eye as one fixes an absent-minded child, "and go straight here to my flat."

"Oh, but I couldn't possibly—it would be putting you to far too much trouble," he protested nervously. "I am quite sure I shall be able to find a room in some hotel—"

"Dear Canon Widgeon," she broke in gently, but with resolution, "it will give me the greatest possible pleasure to have you do it, and I couldn't think of you sleeping on a billiard table or in a bath tub! I will wire my charwoman to make up the bed, get out towels, and so forth, and prepare some sandwiches for you and—shall she leave you a bottle of ale, or will you have milk, or cocoa?"

Gazing unhappily at the key and the card, he gave in. "It is most kind of you," he murmured, "very kind indeed, and a nice glass of milk is always welcome—"

Miss Walters really liked him, and her pleasure was sincere. "Good, that's all right then! You mustn't expect too much of the flat, you know. It's a funny kind of place, and I am afraid the least said about some of my neighbours the better, but it's easy to get to, and only one flight up, and," she added wickedly, "you will enjoy my bed."

(Continued on p. 520)

## Canon Widgeon's Secret—cont.

The Canon blushed, and put the key and the card into his pocket.

"Also," she went on relenting, "there is plenty of hot water, night and day, so you can't blow yourself up with the geyser—"

An extremely kind lady, he reflected, but he did wish she were not quite so—quite so.

The next evening he left Bournemouth, Miss Walters' door-key and card safely tied together in his safest pocket.

## III.

It was late when he reached town, and it was raining, so he would have liked to take a taxi, but Miss Walters had told him to go to Baker Street by Underground, and in his gratitude to her for her kindness he instinctively obeyed her. Issuing from the Baker Street Station, his tall figure stooping from the weight of his suit-case, he walked along until he came to Merrion Street, which to his surprise was crowded with excited people rushing towards its further end.

"Ha, has anything happened?" the Canon asked a youth who was passing with a girl on his arm.

The youth stared at him. "Cawn't you see," he returned with all the scorn the rather absurd-looking cleric always rouses in insensitive spirits, "cawn't you see a house on fire when you look at it?"

The Canon drew back in embarrassment, perceiving for the first time what to his dim eyes seemed a great cloud streaked with brilliance about quarter - of - a - mile away. God grant, he thought, that no one will be hurt. Then he turned into the gaunt red-brick, barrack-like Merrion Mansion, by whose open door he had halted. Just inside the door there was a kind of pen, presumably meant to be occupied by a hall-porter, but the pen was empty now, and as an open newspaper held down by a glass half-full of beer lay on the ledge, the Canon realized that the man had probably gone to have a look at the fire, so taking out the key and the card he shifted his suit-case to his left hand and ran up the four or five steps leading to the first landing. The place was but dimly lighted, but the numbers of the two doors nearest him were plainly 2 and 4, and with a sigh of content he opened door No. 4 and went into a perfectly black entry. Here, not being able to find the electric switch, he put his suit-case on the floor and lit a match. On a little round table to his right he saw a candle in a beautiful gilded candlestick, and when he lighted it he held it up and peered round in the but slightly mitigated gloom. There were pictures on the wall and a big gilt mirror. To the right were two doors.

Feeling rather like Goldilocks in the bear's house he paused for a moment, wondering which door would lead him to his bowl of bread and milk. He was extremely tired, but he was also hungry, and the thought of kind Miss Walters' sandwiches was a pleasant one. When he opened the door nearest at hand he saw that he had indeed found the dining-room. A gay red dining-room it was, with bright sporting prints on the wall, gay chintz at the windows. The small table was covered with a tea-cloth made of heavy Italian lace, and on it stood a great platter of sandwiches, a lobster reposing on a bed of lettuce, and a bottle of Burgundy. The tired man sat down in a comfortable chair and fell to, his heart full of gratitude; he rarely touched wine, but now he slowly sipped not one but two glasses of the excellent *Moulin-à-Vent*, and felt its warmth and courage surging richly through his thin veins. He was afraid of the lobster, but the sandwiches, delicately cut and variegated as to their contents, were a revelation and a lure to his unspoilt palate, and slowly, luxuriously, almost guiltily relishing them, he ate every one. Then after a short grace he went into the next room.

Here he did not even look for an electric light; the candle would suffice to undress by. In the dim light his short-sighted eyes could not discern much beyond the fact that the walls were rose-pink, and that the bed between him and the two closely-curtained windows was turned down ready for him, and had a pink and silver eiderdown at its foot. The wine and

food having made him pleasantly sleepy, he hastily undressed, and putting on his nightshirt, knelt and said his prayers, not forgetting to ask God to bless his kind friend, Miss Walters. Five minutes later he was sound asleep.

## IV.

When he awoke it was still nearly dark, but a faint light was filtering in through rosy curtains, and the shapes of the furniture began to be visible. The Canon stretched luxuriously; he had blushed when naughty Miss Walters had declared that he would enjoy her bed, but now he mentally admitted that her remark was an under-statement. The bed was a marvel, a thing of the most perfect springs and mattress, and down pillows such as he had never in his life known, and as to the linen, surely no linen could ever have been so fine! Stroking the sheet with his big bony hand, he lay there so comfortable that he wished he need not get up and hurry through the chill morning to his train at Paddington.

It was very odd, too, he mused lazily, that he couldn't get out of his head the idea that the room smelt of hyacinths. There couldn't be any hyacinths there, for Miss Walters had been away from home for three months, and yet—he sniffed again with a puzzled frown. Now the room was flooded with a soft rosy light, but to his unspectacled eyes it hardly made things clearer. He had waked on the far side of the bed, on the side near the windows, and his glasses were on the table to his left, well out of reach. Still singularly unwilling to rise, he was obliged to make a great effort to do so, but on hearing a neighbouring church clock strike one, and thinking it must be half-past six, he made the effort and sprang out to the floor. He would say his prayers, then draw the curtains, have a bath . . .

For five minutes the room was filled with the good quiet that surrounds sincere prayer.

The great parallelograms behind the kneeling man turned lighter, threads of gold flashing in their silken fabric; several gilt picture frames caught a faint gleam of light and glowed like fire, and through a crack in the curtain behind him where the brocade did not quite meet, a stronger glow shot across his sparse figure and scant, ruffled hair, and drew out of the gloom at the head of the bed something that, as "looked up with an audible "Amen," caught his astonished gaze, and held him motionless for several seconds.

He, Ernest Widgeon, had spent the night in a bedstead fashioned of huge, golden swans with garlands of roses in their beaks. He had slept in sheets not of linen at all, but of pale rose-coloured silk.

Jumping up, he whirled round and wrenched back the curtains, letting in the daylight, and showing up in full detail that most astounding room. Blindingly he peered round him, too flabbergasted even to go round the bed and get his glasses. Everything that was not rose-coloured seemed to be of gold, and opposite the bewildered man, near the dining-room door, hung a long mirror in which, overwhelmed with inexplicable confusion, he beheld his own lank, incongruous figure, in its old-fashioned, long-tailed nightshirt.

"It must be that wine," he exclaimed aloud. "It has affected my eyes! Miss Walters would never —. It isn't like her —."

As he spoke, his left bare foot touched something—something smooth, and cold, and somehow sickening. Turning, he peered down, his scant flesh curdling on his bones.

There, within a yard of where he had knelt in prayer, lay a woman in a lace negligée, her bare arms over her head.

And her throat was cut from ear to ear.

## V.

Finally the clock struck seven o'clock.

Canon Widgeon's mind worked slowly. He knew enough of the law to be aware that no one should touch the pathetic thing known as THE BODY until the police had seen it, but he also knew that he should not call in the police.

That poor woman, with her dyed hair, and painted stiff face, was past help; nothing that he could do could be of any avail

(Continued on p. xx)



SINGLE  
SHAKERS  
**10·6**



## COCKTAILS *as good as the... name they bear*

FOR those who appreciate a really good cocktail—and who like to know that they are drinking only the best—the range of Gordon's Shaker Cocktails stands supreme and in a class of its own. These Cocktails are most carefully mixed in the right proportions by Gordon's Experts—with only the very finest ingredients it is possible to obtain—and their strength and subtle flavour is retained to the last drop by the patent replaceable air-tight cap.



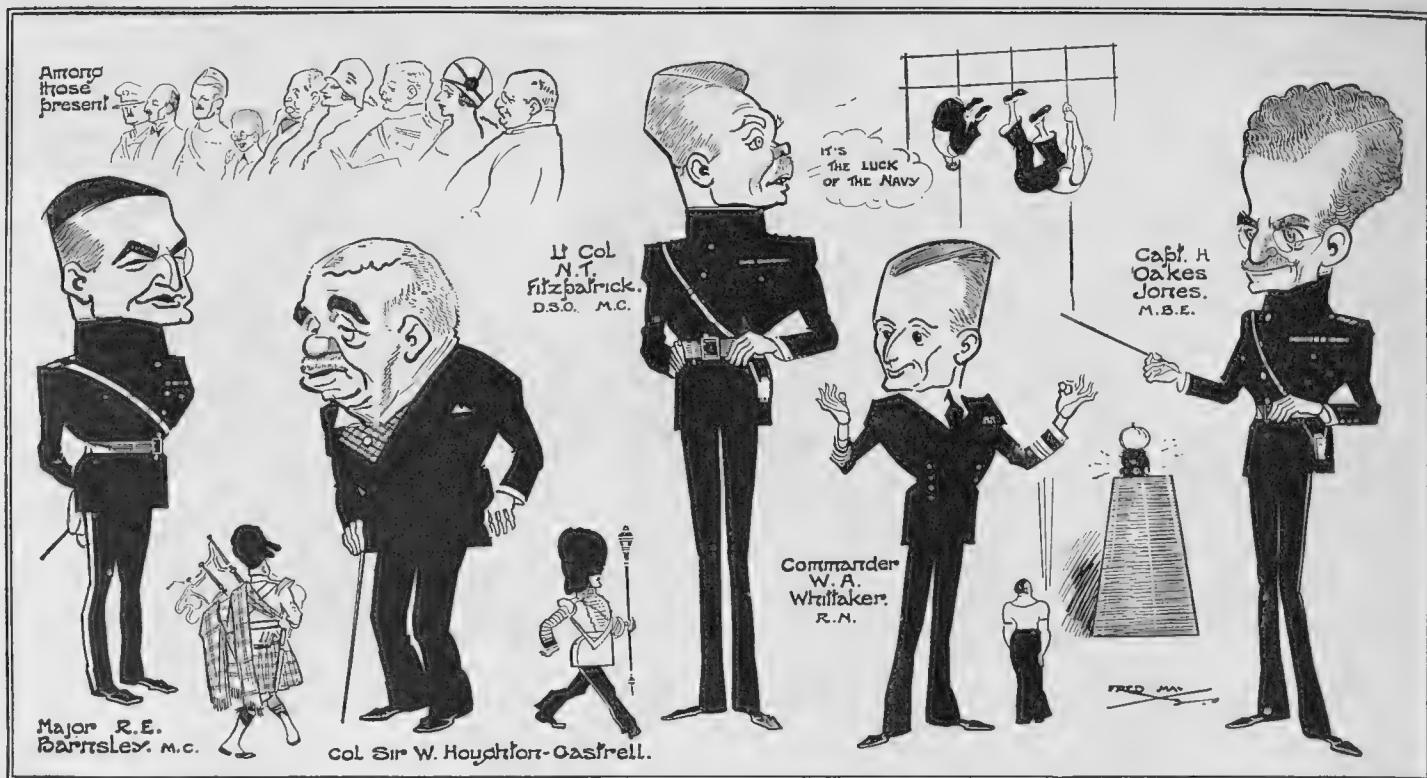
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Experts with the very  
finest ingredients

# Gordon's SHAKER COCKTAILS

TANQUERAY GORDON & COMPANY LIMITED, DISTILLERS, LONDON



THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS, AND OTHER THINGS, AT OLYMPIA

All the thousands and thousands of people who go every year to one of the best spectacles of the whole London Season see a wonderful show of "horse, fut, and dragoons," to say nothing of the Horse Gunners and the sailors, marvellously carried out, perfect in every detail, and done with that precision for which the sailor and the soldier are renowned; but it is debateable whether everyone realizes how much real hard staff work lies behind it all and how the men who do not appear have toiled to achieve the astonishing result.

Here they are, and well do they deserve a hearty pat on the back

## PETROL

By W. G.

### White-Linen.

I HESITATE to ask any of the solicitors, barristers, and other legal experts who do me the honour of occasionally reading these random notes to furnish me with free advice, or even with advice at "trade price," but I would like to know what is the real position with regard to the "white line." In what Act of Parliament or Order in Council is it designated as that which must be obeyed. If on taking a bend the wheels of my car cross the white line (without any reference to the circumstances at the moment) can it be held that, *ipso facto*, I have been driving to the common danger? Everybody who uses his eyes must have noted how of late there has been a fresh epidemic of white-line-itis, and that these decorations now not only go along the road but often across it. Sometimes they will be accompanied by legends (which are naturally only readable when fairly fresh) which issue such commands as "STOP" or "TURN LEFT," and so forth. Now I want to know whether, if by chance I disobey one of these instructions, I am liable to any expressed and specified penalty in the legal code of this country. If I come across a large sign-post which shrieks "ONE-WAY STREET" at me I am perfectly prepared to take the hint; also when a policeman holds up his hand for me to stop, failure upon my part to do so will possibly have unpleasant results. But does a white line exercise the same power which one must disobey at one's peril. The other day I was approaching one of those disgraces to modern transport, a level-crossing, when the gates began to shut. It was a busy afternoon at this place and there was a constable on duty. I trickled on until this fellow abruptly raised his hand. Thereupon I stopped, and being at the head of the procession, was now



MISS AMY JOHNSON,  
C.B.E., IN CALCUTTA

A first picture from India, taken at the Dum-Dum Aerodrome shortly after her record-breaking flight to India. At that time Miss Amy Johnson, whose recently-bestowed honour has been so universally approved, was two days ahead of Mr. Bert Hinkler

## VAPOUR

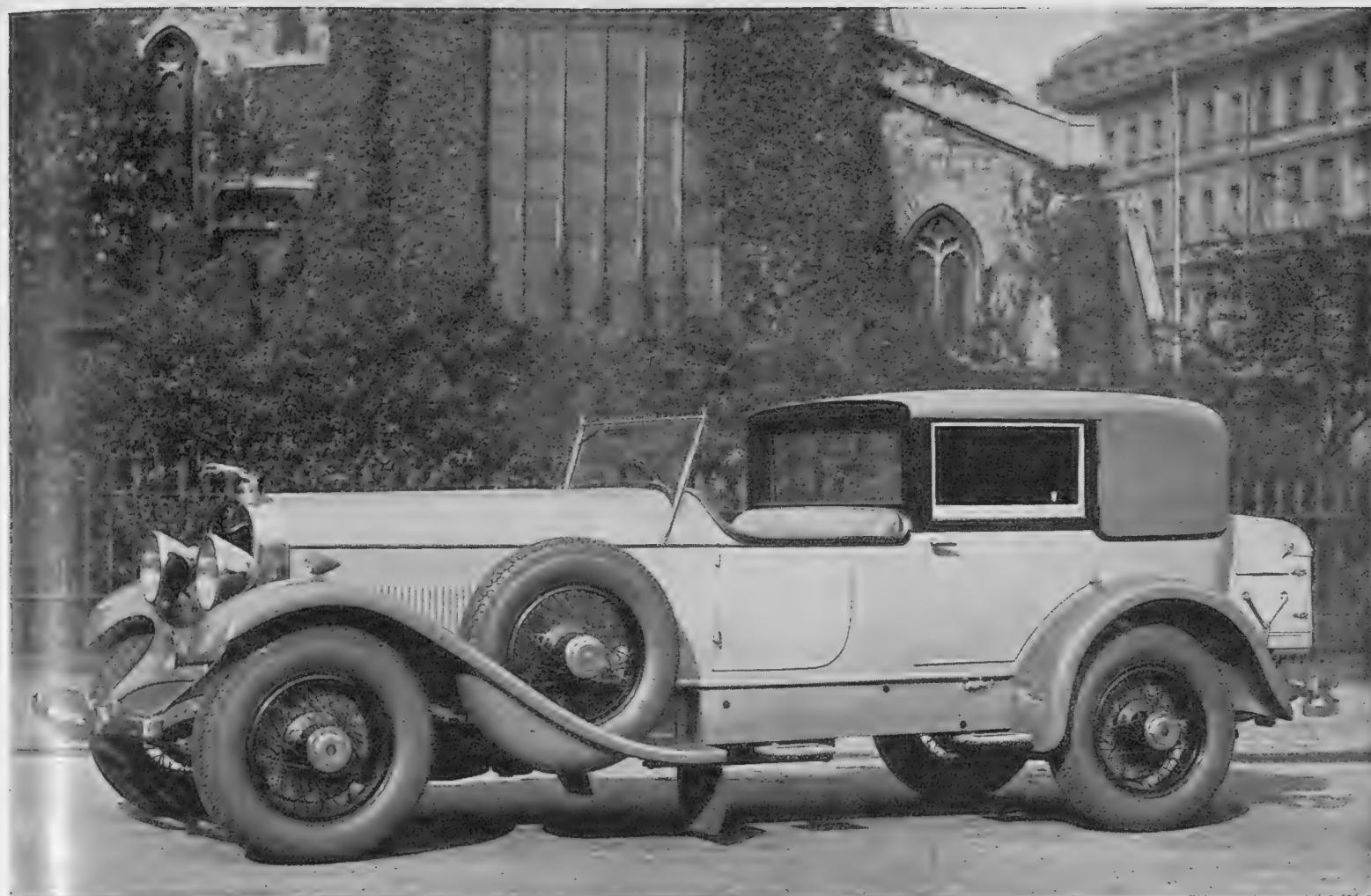
ASTON

pretty close against the gates. These of course open inwards. By that I mean to convey that I was in nobody's way, and I might go on to add that in the course of the last few years I have had to stop, and bless the rapidity of the Southern Railway, at exactly the same spot on countless occasions. However this, as I was soon to know, was different. Up came the policeman, fury in his eye, and carefully avoiding anything that could be proved as abusive, severely hauled me over the coals. I had not stopped at a white line, which on inspection proved to be so dirty that it was hardly visible. Therefore any more of this thing would be visited with the most severe penalties. It was never my habit to quarrel with policemen; they have the bulge upon one every time; and so I let this chap have his say. Doubtless traffic-controlling on a busy main road is a bit trying to the temper. Then I pointed out, which he could not deny, that I had stopped the instant he raised his hand, as in law called upon to do; but, I asked, "Under what Act of Parliament am I forced to pull up short of an obliterated white line?" He was like the bobby in Kipling's immortal "steam tactics"; he knew nothing; and all he could do was to mumble a lot of gibberish about orders. Now let it not for a moment be supposed that I have any fault to find with the white line idea. It is logical, reasonable, and an excellent factor of safety so long as it is not abused and rendered ridiculous. Unhappily there are county councils which, when they start painting, do not know when or where to leave off. I know of literally miles of white line which just cries "Wolf!" when there is no wolf, and in that respect is even worse than the tens of thousands of useless "danger signs" which litter our highways.

(Continued on p. xxii)

*Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday*

## THE LINCOLN



*Only for those who want the utmost  
in a motor car*

THIS CAR is designed and built deliberately only for that small number who want the supremely great motor car. Its makers would not consider building the Lincoln on any other basis.

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In building Lincoln chassis and bodies, refinements have been carried far beyond previously accepted limits.

There are more and closer precision operations in a Lincoln chassis and body than in any other manufactured product of which a record is available.

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The result of this, the most painstaking task of craftsmanship known, is brilliant acceleration. Speed in abundant measure. Stamina to endure the stresses of sustained power and speed. Magnificent luxury. Endurance so great that its maximum life is unknown. No Lincoln car has ever developed a serious defect.

If you are interested in a motor car that represents the most careful and painstaking assembly of any manufactured product known to industry, ask us for full details. Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company Ltd., 88 Regent Street, London, W. 1. Regent 0013.

## EVE

Portmarnock! You write the word, and a vision arises of a strip of sandhills and rolling fairways, with sea on three sides of it and a brilliant blue sky overhead. Of pale-pink-and-cream roses on those sandhills coming out every minute under the hot sun; of plovers crying, and shelduck suddenly appearing from her burrow at the 5th.



The new Irish Champion: Mrs. J. B. Walker of the Berkshire Club, who has only been playing golf for six years



Mrs. J. F. Jameson of the Island, Malahide, was runner-up in this year's Irish Championship at Portmarnock and also in 1925

course is simply magnificent, and every round only increases your respect and affection for it. First sight and a still day, and I can faintly imagine some people tossing their heads and saying, "Easy." They will change their tune next time, and the next, until after half-a-dozen rounds they will be saying that a harder course they never did meet. Its own members call it "unsympathetic"; certainly it never flatters you into thinking yourself a better golfer than you are; it tells you the truth, and the truth is often humbling. So anybody who wins there may take all possible credit, and Mrs. J. B. Walker, the London golfer, must be very warmly congratulated on doing so splendidly there. Last week there was just time to mention her win of the preliminary score competition with 81; this one it is the championship itself.

Every now and again a championship is won by the ability to get out of trouble rather than the skill to keep out of it; Miss Grant-Suttie's Open at Westward Ho was the great example of that, and Mrs. Walker's Portmarnock Irish must go down to history with the same label attached. If one were that uncomfortable mortal, a statistician, one might sit down with that well-filled note-book and count up just how many bunkers she did visit, and how many times she had one putt, but it would be a tedious business. Ofhand, I remember that against Miss Pim she seven times had only one putt, and if that is not cruelty I would rather not see something that is. Mrs. Walker, of course, is not immensely long; over at Portmarnock she was not always even quite straight enough for that extremely narrow course (in a gale the line to the hole must seem no wider than a silken thread, with three-penny bits now and again where the long driver may arrive with great skill). But the way she came out of the deepest bunkers unscathed on to greens, the mechanical way she put the chips dead or holed doubtful putts, was an education. She had her frights; but she came through them triumphantly, and excepting for a short time against Mrs.

## at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

Franklin in the first round and Mrs. Hall, the holder of the Irish title, in the 4th, she was never down to any of her six opponents. Nor, for that matter, was the runner-up, Mrs. J. F. Jameson, but the trouble with her seemed to be that a commanding lead was a sure signal for her to lose holes with a run, and so to agitate all her well-wishers by coming to the last hole—or beyond it. Mrs. McIntyre, for instance, she only beat by getting a grand three at the 19th after being dormy three. Then when it came to the final she simply reversed the process, started badly, and only found her own sound game when she was four down. That was at the 8th. After that she had every hole in the right figure until the 11th, where Mrs. Walker, who might have been forgiven a feeling of acute fright, got home 2 and 1. Perhaps it ought to be set out here that the Miss Patsy Jameson, whom she beat in the semi-final, is not her daughter, as some of the Press affirmed in large letters, but the Irish champion of 1926. Her own daughter, a thrilled spectator of the final, might annex that title in, shall we say, 1940 something—hardly before, though young Irish champions are the rule. Mrs. Cuthell won her first Irish at Portmarnock in 1900 as Miss Rhona Adair, and her Open the same year when she was only eighteen.

And the young golfers of this 1930 Irish championship hit the ball in a way that gives great hope for Irish golf in the near future. A little study of how Mrs. Walker controls the chips, a little reflection—how terrible grandmotherly this sounds—on the way she wins or halves holes after disasters which would have them ruined at the outset, and some of those young hitters, given experience against players better than themselves, would be as good as anybody. It will be extraordinarily interesting to see how they shape next year, and one can only hope that they will not take fright at playing any of the famous leading ladies who cross the water to them, but remember that if they produce the shots they can, then the best will have hard work to beat them. For even the best are very human!

It was a delightful championship, and the prize-giving was not the least pleasant part, with the president of the men's Irish

Union there, as well as the president of the ladies', the wife of the great Portmarnock golfer, Mr. H. M. Cairnes, to give away the prizes, and all sorts of nice speeches from everybody. It was a glittering array compared with an English. The score competition has the Leitrim Bowl and memento; then the runner-up gets a small cup, the semi-



Mrs. Harry Hall (Foxrock), the holder, playing in the 4th round at Portmarnock



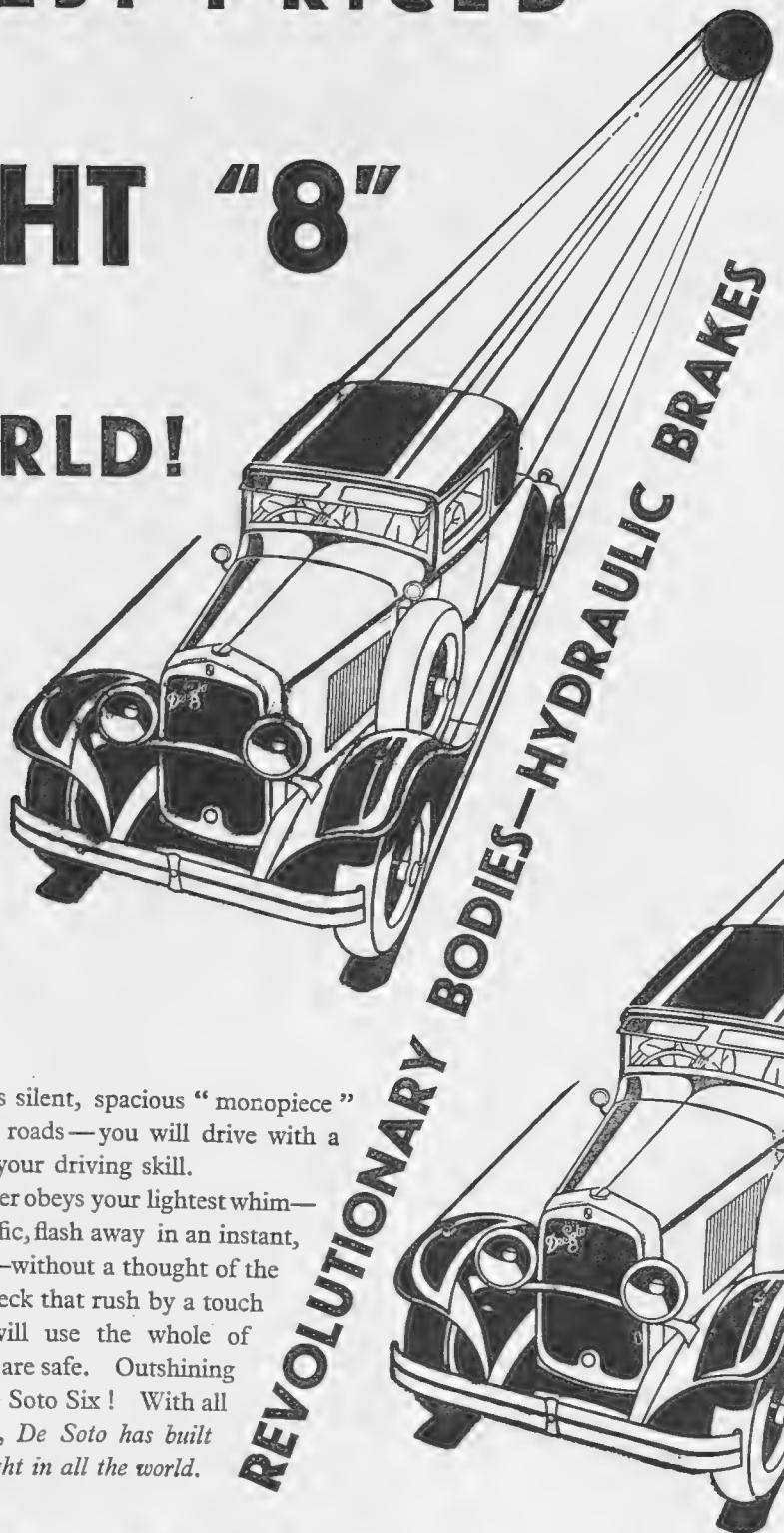
Photographs by Poole, Dublin  
Miss Patsy Jameson (Island Club) and (right) Miss B. Latchford (Tralee). Miss Jameson is an ex-Irish Champion

finalists, Mrs. Henshaw and Miss P. Jameson smaller ones still, and this year the Portmarnock Club has presented a most beautiful cup for a consolation scratch medal round, which Miss Pim won with 88, Miss Reddington winning a handicap prize, and Mrs. Cuthell second handicap after a tie with Mrs. Barr. And then, were there not beautiful bouquets, roses for the winner, lilies of the valley for the runner-up—an attention reminiscent of French championships.

# THE LOWEST PRICED

# STRAIGHT "8"

# IN THE WORLD!



WHEN you learn how this silent, spacious "monopiece" car can cling to the worst of roads—you will drive with a joyful confidence that doubles your driving skill.

When you feel how its pliant power obeys your lightest whim—you will creep like a cat through traffic, flash away in an instant, sweep up the longest, steepest hills—without a thought of the gearbox. When you find you can check that rush by a touch on internal hydraulic brakes—you will use the whole of that engine's speed—happy because you are safe. Outshining even the top gear range of the famous De Soto Six! With all the vast resources of Chrysler behind it, *De Soto has built model for model the lowest-priced straight eight in all the world.*

# THE NEW • DE SOTO 8

CHASSIS PRICE £295

CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD., MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

have to be introduced so that the accepted flatness may be achieved. Rather brighter than dregs of wine is a georgette frock; an important feature is a small cape; it is cut in three pieces; one portion remains at the back while the others shade the arms.

\* \* \*

## Alliance of Beige and Black.

Black and beige lace and black georgette are the ingredients which make another Parisian model at Debenham and Freebody's; the ultra deep hem of the skirt is of beige lace, the collar and revers are of the same, while the vest is of artistically draped beige georgette, the remainder of this *chef d'œuvre* being of black georgette. An



Light as air, nevertheless perfectly proofed, are these wraps, carried out in *crêpe de chine*, and they owe their origin to Elverys, 31, Conduit Street. They may be worn over the lightest creations without crushing them

*Not only does Stewart, of New Bond Street, permanently wave hair but he curls it. Pictured are two views of a coiffure which has been treated in this manner in his salons. (See p. iv)*

## The Mid-season Collections.

THE mid-season's collections are of absorbing interest, as the creations may be likened to wheat that has been winnowed from the chaff. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing some perfectly lovely frocks for Ascot and other modish functions; they have just arrived from Paris, and it must be related that they have met with an enthusiastic welcome from the leaders of Fashion on both sides of the Channel. Before dwelling on the individual triumphs of the dressmaker's art a general impression must be given. The long dress is accepted, that is to say, the skirts clear the ground by an inch or an inch and a half. Everything is remarkably simple, nevertheless the amount of work that goes to the fashioning of them cannot be over-estimated.

## Gloves and Mittens.

All kinds of coatees, capes, and capeslets are present, as the arms to the elbows must be shaded; long gloves that reach the elbows are essential. Sometimes the sleeves extend to the elbows and are finished with deep frills. A revival is gauging the centre of the bodice from the base of the "V"-shaped *décolletage* to a few inches above the normal waist-line; the effect is very feminine, the folds on either side being remarkably becoming. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that everything is done to give to the hips a neat appearance; fullness never begins until the bend of the legs is passed. There are signs on the horizon that hip yokes will be recognized as important assets in the near future.

## Epaulettes Edged with Fur.

There is no doubt about it that Fashion will not relinquish fur for Ascot. In a lovely dress at Debenham and Freebody's there is a coat with epaulette sleeves edged with fur; the dress is expressed in printed chiffon; the pattern suggests Australian flowers in all their glorious colours. The skirt is arranged with soft flounces that lie so flat that they pass unnoticed unless the model is carefully scrutinized; it would be interesting to know how many godets and insets there are in them; these



Chalmers of Oban are responsible for this three-piece suit; the coat and skirt are of light-weight Cumberland tweed and the jumper of spun silk. (See p. iv)

important feature of another model carried out in china-blue and pastel-pink chiffon are the sleeves; they terminate at the elbows and are finished with deep frills. A graceful dress of heavy needle-run lace had every hem outlined with an embroidery which gives the appearance of very narrow braid; the coat, innocent of sleeves, has a cape to which is attached a flounce arranged to suggest a fichu. A black lace dress has a clever bolero drapery.

## Tennis Frocks Designed by Susan Lenglen.

It is in Paris that Susan Lenglen designs tennis frocks, some of which may be seen in Debenham and Freebody's salons. They are carried out in silk and cotton piqué as well as in a new fabric strewn with small figures, balls, and rackets. And of course these frocks are ever so simple and decidedly practical.

## Quick Change.

Summer social functions are undoubtedly the pleasantest of the year, nevertheless when evening arrives signs of fatigue are noticeable on the face. It is impossible to really enjoy these unless one knows one is looking one's best. This tired look can be removed and the morning freshness restored by an Elizabeth Arden Quick Home Treatment. It can be achieved during dressing for dinner and does not lengthen the process by more than five minutes. Before the bath the skin must be cleaned with the cleansing cream and the skin tonic patted on; subsequently a layer of the anti-wrinkle cream must be applied; this should be allowed to remain on from ten minutes to half-an-hour; if possible it is advisable to lie down in a darkened room for a short time

(Continued on p. iv)

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



HARRIET  
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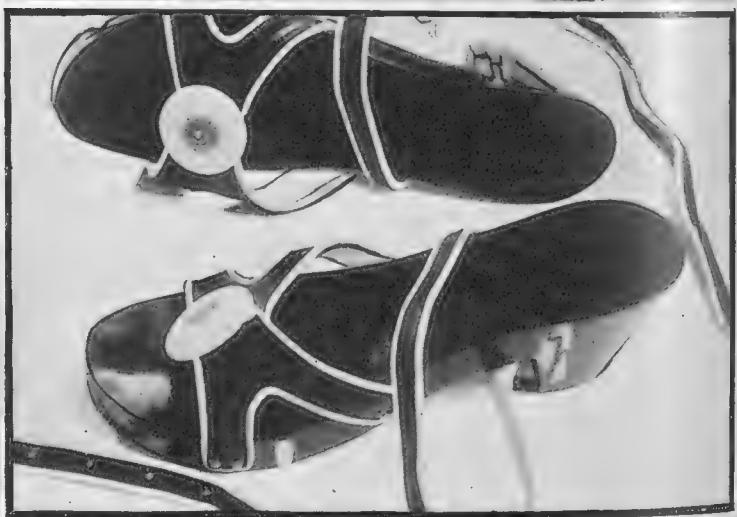
The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

THE  
SUMMER SPORTS

*Fashions for the summer sports are well understood at Lillywhites', Piccadilly, W.; they are responsible for those pictured. The swimming suit is of wool, while the canvas shoes have crêpe soles. The sandals on the right are of black enamel and multi-coloured wood, with polished leather straps. The printed crêpe-de-chine cross-over on right looks well with a tennis frock; a decidedly new note is struck by the turban*



# THE THREE HALVES OF THE WHOLE SECRET



**1  
—  
2**, a tumbler of water



**1  
—  
2** a teaspoon of Milton



**1  
—  
2** hour while you dress  
Will keep your false teeth spotless, germ-free — your mouth clean and fresh — all day long

## MILTON

### CLEANS FALSE TEETH

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

with pads of tonic wool steeped in the eye-lotion over the eyes. This of course may be omitted when time forbids. The anti-winkle cream must be removed and the face patted with skin tonic, and then the Lily Lotion, or Amoretta, used in accordance with the character of the skin; the former is advisable for a greasy skin and the latter for a dry. The aid of colour and powder must subsequently be sought. This treatment will remove every trace of fatigue from the face. Now it is safe to predict that women will be so delighted with the result of this treatment that they will desire to repeat it ere retiring to rest, therefore it must be mentioned that anti-winkle must never be allowed to remain on during the night; this is because of its astringent qualities. Everyone must study the "Quest of the Beautiful," sent gratis and post free on application to 25, Old Bond Street, W., as the information contained therein is not only interesting but useful; it is written in a pleasant and straightforward manner.

### Permanently-curved Hair.

Great changes are taking place in the world of hairdressing, among the innovations being the permanent curling of hair; past-masters in this art are Stewarts of 80, New Bond Street. Two views of a coiffure that has been waved and curled in this salon are illustrated on page 526. The hair that covers the scalp is waved; while the ends are curled. Note the graceful undulations which so cleverly follow the contour of the head; should a woman prefer not to let her hair grow long, then she may acquire clusters of curls all ready to attach to the head; they are provided with a unique device so that it is impossible for them to get out of place. There are the True-To-Nature Postiches, and although the quality and the workmanship are of the very highest standard the charges are decidedly moderate. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated brochure, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

\* \* \*

### Three-piece Suits.

Never have three-piece suits occupied a more important position than to-day. To Chalmers of Oban must be given the credit of the model portrayed on page 526. The coat and skirt are of light-weight

Cumberland tweed, while the jumper is of spun silk with a border to tone with the ground colours of the tweed; the price of the ensemble is £10 17s., the coat and skirt being £7 17s. 6d., and the jumper 59s. 6d. A fact upon which too much emphasis cannot be laid is that this firm excel in making from self-measurement forms; these, together with patterns of the materials, they will be glad to send gratis and post free. Neither must it be overlooked that they are specialists in woollen garments for sports wear, including cardigans, jumpers, and scarves. It seems almost needless to add that the prices that prevail are exceptionally moderate, and of course the length of life of all their specialities is well-nigh unending, and every visit to the cleaners gives them a new lease of life.

walking coat, all of which are thoroughly practical; they are cut by experts; every process, from the weaving of the cloth to the last stitch, is carried out by Mandleberg's.

\* \* \*

### Remedial Sleeping Brassière.

It is indeed a matter for congratulation that Madame Maud has added two members to her Beautiform family—the good work that they perform in giving to the figure the ideal contour cannot be over-estimated. Pride of place must be given to the Remedial Sleeping Brassière for wearing during the night; it holds the breasts—without the least suggestion of compression—in the correct position and supports the glands and muscles. It gives a sensation of repose to the muscles below and on the shoulder-blades. Another strong point in its favour is that it is perfectly ventilated, and in a few seconds it is completely forgotten, a delightful feeling of *bien aisé* being experienced. And it has a companion for day wear. Madame Maud, 91a, Baker Street, W., will be pleased to send further particulars on application; naturally a visit is warmly recommended.

\* \* \*

### The "On-and-Off" Beautiform.

The other new member is the "On-and-Off"; it has a very special fastening so that it can be adjusted in the fraction of a second, and is available with a high as well as a low back. Women are frequently very disappointed to notice that after

a period of dieting, when they have lost several pounds, in a few weeks they have returned. The fact is that they have omitted to take steps to tighten up the flesh and make it normal.

\* \* \*

### "Such a Useful Catalogue."

Ever such a useful catalogue is E Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Pictured therein are soft white piqué tennis-frocks for 29s. 6d.; they are available in four sizes and are made in this firm's own workrooms. Sheer linen frocks with inset strappings of a contrasting colour are 39s. 6d., while frocks in fine cotton georgette are 79s. 6d. Standing out with prominence in the domain of lingerie are the 15s. 11d. hand-made opaline nightdresses.



Picture by Blake

### THE VALSTAR WEATHERPROOF RIDING-COAT

*It is reinforced with leg-straps and flap-pockets; the skirt portion is full, therefore the knees and saddle are covered*

### The Valstar Riding-coat.

The Valstar proofing is achieved by a secret and highly technical process; the Valstar coats are rubberless, self-ventilating, and though light in weight are smart and durable and are endowed with the power to resist the heaviest rain. Another strong point in their favour is that they clean again and again, but to ensure the original proofing qualities the coats should be returned to the manufacturers via the nearest agents. On application to J. Mandleberg, Valstar Works, Pendleton, Manchester, the name and address of the agent will be forwarded. Illustrated on this page is a Valstar riding-coat; it is provided with leg-straps and flap-pockets; the skirt portion is very full in order that the knees and saddle may be covered. There are many variations of the Valstar

# Bring your Beauty Problems to Frances Hemming



Have you considered the effect of your appearance on your personality? Do you realise that some defect in your skin may make all the difference to your attaining complete self-expression and a fully rounded life?

If you look beautiful and your skin is well cared for you will give pleasure to everyone, and to know you are liked and admired brings out the best in you. You feel that you are significant, that you count, and, in consequence, your own joy is enhanced a hundredfold.

Behind Cyclax there is the great personality of Frances Hemming—a woman who believes passionately in beauty and, what is more important, who believes that every woman is potentially beautiful.

She cannot alter your features, she cannot give you the indefinable charm of expression: but she can see that all the hidden loveliness of your skin is brought to perfection. She will advise you what and how to apply the wonderful Cyclax method.

Write to-day for Frances Hemming's book "*The Art of being Lovely*," or when you are out shopping any high-class Store or Hairdresser will gladly give you a copy gratis.

Miss Hemming has created a Preparation for every beauty need and they are so perfect that they stand in a class by themselves.

You will want to know more about Cyclax. You will want to know how simply and economically you can help yourself to beauty by following the Cyclax Home Treatment.

Cyclax Preparations can be bought from exclusive shops everywhere, but you can write and you will receive enthusiastic personal advice from Miss Hemming, who is only too anxious to help you.

If you are in London, go to see her, take your problems to her and you will see how quickly all your difficulties will be solved and how different you will feel when she has explained the simplicity of everything to you. A delicious soothing Cyclax Treatment will make you conscious that you are looking your very best.

## C Y C L A X

*Cyclax Ltd.*

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST W.1

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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

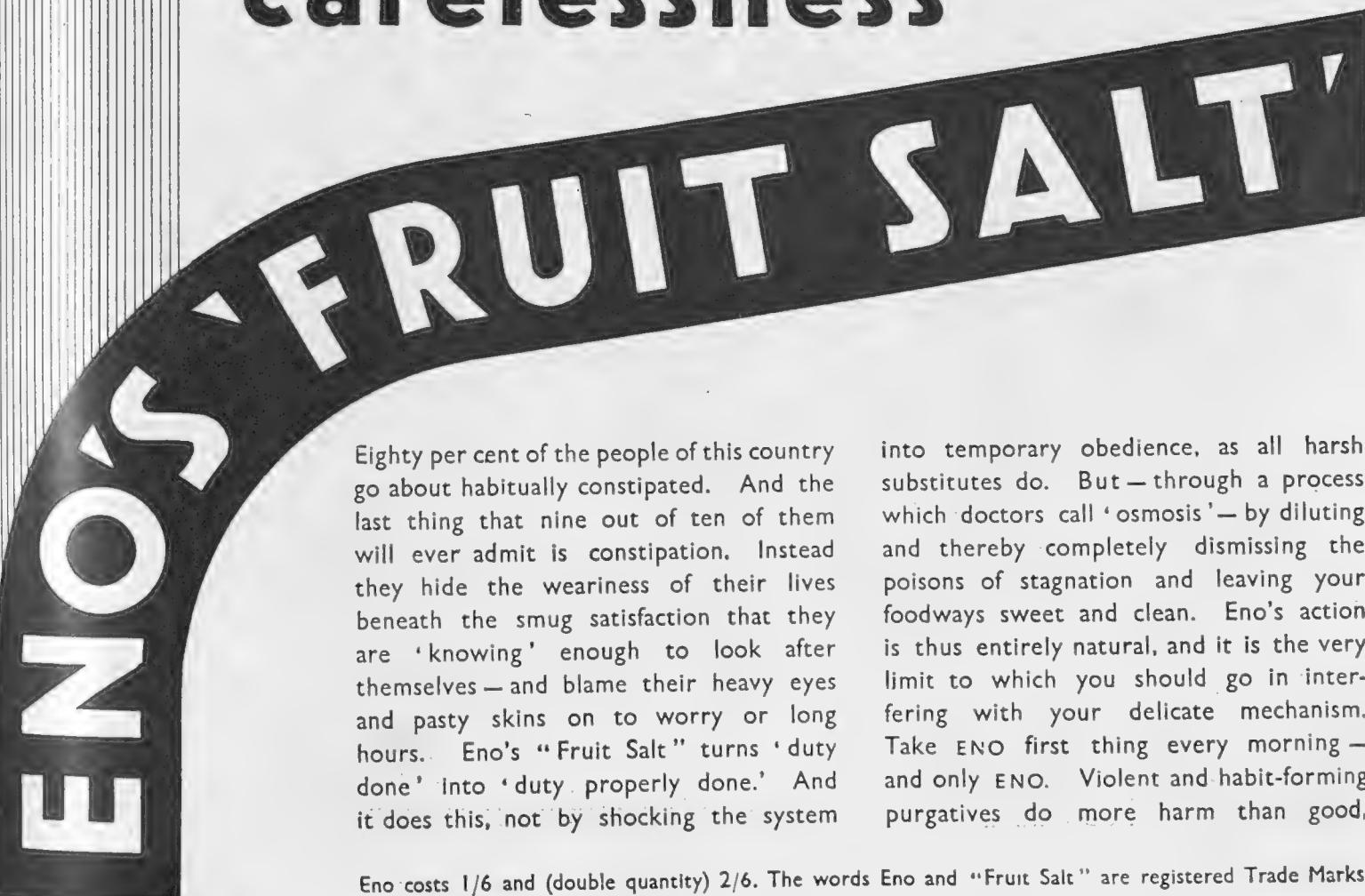


Here are three frocks that reflect the latest commands of Fashion. They have gone into residence in the inexpensive department of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., and are pleasantly priced at 6½ guineas. The chef d'œuvre in the centre is carried out in almond-green lace—there is a cascade of georgette on the left shoulder which matches the hem of the modish cape

The narrow belt which emphasizes the higher waist-line is an important feature of the beige lace frock on the left; it is partnered with a three-quarter length coat, while the hat is composed of fine straw and crinoline. The ensemble on the right is carried out in black lace with insertions of black chiffon. The scheme is completed with a black straw hat, the brim outlined with crinoline showing a trellis-work design



# Unsuspected constipation is not a misfortune. It is the result of your own carelessness



Eighty per cent of the people of this country go about habitually constipated. And the last thing that nine out of ten of them will ever admit is constipation. Instead they hide the weariness of their lives beneath the smug satisfaction that they are 'knowing' enough to look after themselves—and blame their heavy eyes and pasty skins on to worry or long hours. Eno's "Fruit Salt" turns 'duty done' into 'duty properly done.' And it does this, not by shocking the system

into temporary obedience, as all harsh substitutes do. But—through a process which doctors call 'osmosis'—by diluting and thereby completely dismissing the poisons of stagnation and leaving your foodways sweet and clean. Eno's action is thus entirely natural, and it is the very limit to which you should go in interfering with your delicate mechanism. Take ENO first thing every morning—and only ENO. Violent and habit-forming purgatives do more harm than good.

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered Trade Marks.

## Pictures in the Fire—continued

without much kit and then trying to make themselves comfortable in barracks that were red-hot. There is no present sign of any of these troops getting back to their hill stations for some time to come. It is really a stand-to everywhere and there is not much likelihood of any return to normal until . . . I think I'll leave the rest to you to fill in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has decided to murder Sherlock Holmes for good and all. How we shall miss that pungent critic of Scotland Yard for he was a good soul for all his swank and fiddle-playing and foul pipes. If Sir Arthur had told us that he meant to put that dreadful rabbit, Dr. Watson, to death by slow torture we could have understood it more readily; but Sherlock we shall miss. He ought in any case to be put in the Chamber of Horrors in Madame Tussaud's so that we can go and look at him when we visit Crippen, Charles Peace, Brown and Kennedy, and Mahon. "My dear Watson," that priceless B.F., ought to have been slaughtered long ago by any of the painful methods which Professor Moriarty could devise. If you had had a thorn in your nose would you have let Watson operate? Not by a jugful. If you had felt in want of a prairie oyster or some genasprin would you have gone to that priceless oyke next morning? There is only one answer; but if your aunt had been murdered or your rich uncle spirited away who would you have flown to but Sherlock? And now Sir Arthur is about to bury him alive! It is too cruel.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is good news to learn that in spite of the fact that it is considered by some benevolent, and others not quite so benevolent, gentlemen that we do not need a Navy because we are not to be allowed to go to war any more, not even in self-defence as some of us gather, the few remnants of a fleet which once ruled the waves are to be shown at that most appropriate spot, Plymouth, where a

few years ago a British Admiral insisted upon finishing a game of bowls before going out to mop up the Duke of Parma. Plymouth Navy Week will be held this year Saturday, August 2, to Saturday, August 9, excluding Sunday, August 3.

This is Bank Holiday week, which should give added opportunity to members of the public who could not otherwise get away to take advantage of this unique annual opportunity of seeing something of the Royal Navy at close quarters. The objects of the week are, first and foremost, to show the Navy to the people of this country, and secondly, by making a very small charge for admission (adults 1s., children 6d.), to assist a number of very deserving Naval and Marine Charities. Among the vessels that are to be on view are the following: *Rodney*, one of the latest and biggest battleships in the world, displacement 35,000 tons; *Malaya*, the battleship which was built at the charge of the Federated Malay States; *Renown*, battle cruiser, which has been chosen to convey the Prince of Wales on three occasions on ceremonial visits to various parts of the world; *Tiger*, a battle cruiser which served in the Grand Fleet throughout the Great War, took part in the action of the Dogger Bank, and was present at the Battle of Jutland; *Norfolk*, a new cruiser, built at Govan; *Adventure*, mine-laying cruiser, built at Devonport; *Snapdragon*, a sloop which is fitted as a Fleet photographic ship; and one or two of the large new aircraft-carriers, six Atlantic Fleet destroyers, and several submarines. In previous years the submarines have proved by far the most popular attraction, and this year every effort is being made to increase the number of these craft, and to include, if possible, one or two of the very latest type. Of course all this is very bellicose and quite wrong, but it is a good thing that it is going to happen all the same, for there are still a few people left who do not see the wit of our scrapping good ships and reducing our only real shield below safety point, whilst other people whom it may not be discreet to name are doing the very reverse, and are only waiting till they think they have got us down well below their own weight to turn the tap on full and see what we can do about it.



LORD AND LADY MIDDLETON

At York races last week. Lord Middleton, who succeeded to the title in 1924, used to be in the 10th Cavalry, Indian Army, and afterwards commanded the 5th Green Howards

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Civil Military & Naval Tailors  
of OLD BOND ST LONDON-W.



No Sir!

cvs. 6

## THE EVER-CHANGING SEX

RECENTLY, in the Paris Law Courts, a lady brought an action, claiming damages, for being deprived of her membership of a certain Federation because she wore trousers.

This was indeed proceeding to extremities. The arguments on behalf of the plaintiff were dramatic. Counsel pleaded that "Trousers are on trial. They are pitted against the short skirt, which many people claim is far more likely to arouse immodest ideas." This is surely a splendid tribute to the virtue of trousers. It is also an indirect tribute to the innate modesty of Pope and Bradley, who encourage their daily use, and discreetly refrain from publishing the fact that occasionally they make abbreviated kilts for wild and hardy Scotsmen, who by nature are immune from softness and temptation.

The modesty of the trouser is perhaps symbolic of the modern man. He is no longer rampant; he can no longer afford to be. The sole remaining rampant male is the Income Tax Collector, and, grudgingly, all he allows us to retain unmolested is our trousers. When, after the next Budget, he lays rough hands on these, we shall shiver, smirkingly decadent, in crêpe-de-Chine shorts.

After the decline and fall of man, Pope and Bradley will rise to the requirements of women. Their trousers shall be cut for them in infinite variety. Uniformity will be annihilated. We shall design for them trousers so long that the dust of the street is swept to the winds; trousers so short that their limbs shout to the gods for praise; trousers so wide and obscure in design that the legs inside them are merciful mysteries; trousers so narrow and subtly transparent that all mysteries are solved.

When women wear trousers the millennium of this House will have arrived, for each woman will demand so many pairs that her husband will barely be able to afford an annual blanket for himself. In the interests of decency he will conduct his money-making business on the telephone. The principal directors of Pope and Bradley will then build a dozen yachts to compete for the America Cup; buy up and burn half the wretchedly uncomfortable theatres in London; rebuild ninety per cent. of the appalling hotels in the beautiful English counties; buy the site of the Albert Memorial for a mausoleum for British art, and when they die their death duties will liquidate half the National Debt.

Meanwhile, coming to earth from fantastic dreams, our modest prices for poor, tax-ridden, self-sacrificing, hard-working, and virtuous males, for clothes which, unfortunately, never seem to wear out, are as follows: Lounge Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W.

11-13, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C. AND 1-3, ST ANN'S SQ., MANCHESTER.



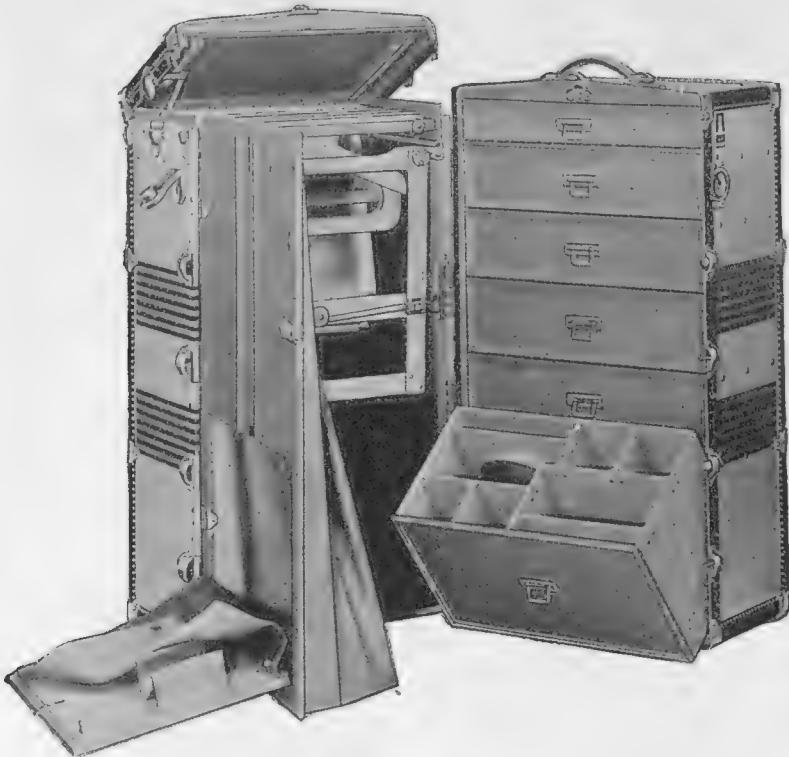
All 555 Cigarettes are the same — made by hand, one at a time, of the unique 555 leaf — final distinction in packing alone deciding whether they are for Home or Overseas. Their superlative qualities and consistent perfection in every Country of the World have made them the acknowledged premier high-class cigarettes.

**STATE EXPRESS**  
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

**555**

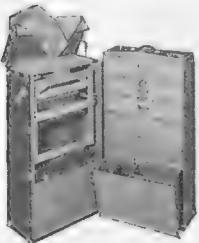
25 for 2/-

ARDATH TOBACCO  
CO. LTD. LONDON



## A Wardrobe Trunk for Men

**N**o, you are wrong! There are still people in the world who cater for men's needs. Oshkosh for instance. Take this wardrobe trunk for men, with its convenient hat carriers and special compartments for those extra pairs of shoes—its built-in dust door and soiled linen bag—its special stowage for starched and soft collars—its separate drawer for boiled shirts and evening gear—and with all its unequalled Oshkosh goodness in every detail. Packing such a trunk as this is like one man talking to another; it understands your wants and anticipates them



MODEL 450 F — A fibre covered wardrobe trunk at a lower price than the Chief shown above. It is three-quarter size, and has extra size boot box and room for two extra pairs of shoes in bottom drawer. A large model 450 B has twelve hangers and still more boot and hat space



MODEL 420 E — A khaki coloured trunk designed particularly for men at a still lower price with ten hangers and special space for five pairs of boots or shoes. Two large drawers for shirts. Ample hat space and most convenient collar accommodation

## OSHKOSH TRUNKS

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Mr. Aidan Roark (2), Count de la Maza (3) and Major J. F. Harris (back). If this tie had been played under handicap conditions the Australian team would have been entitled to a 3-goal start. In this as in the Whitney Cup one, the thing which stood out is the tremendous advantage which a team has over just four players, however good they may be. Both these teams which the Australians have beaten are very high class indeed so far as their individual units are concerned, and it is now quite open to anyone to believe that this Australian team could, and will, knock out any provisional International selection until the latter has time to make itself into a team. If this happened it might lead us to an erroneous conclusion; but I feel convinced that, at the present moment, no matter what combination of players is pitted against Goulbourn, it would have to go for its life to win—if indeed it won at all. A month hence a very different story may be told; but the main point is this, that in this Goulbourn team we have a trial horse of very high value. I do not know at the moment whether the Goulbourn team is intended to go to America to try its luck in the American Open Championship in the autumn, which of course will take place the International matches notwithstanding; but I think it would be of very great interest to the polo-playing world at large if it did. Its performances

against the various unready English teams it has met and smashed up may cause us to arrive at some false values here; but if it came out of the kind of battle it will find in the autumn in America, that would tell us something very definite indeed.

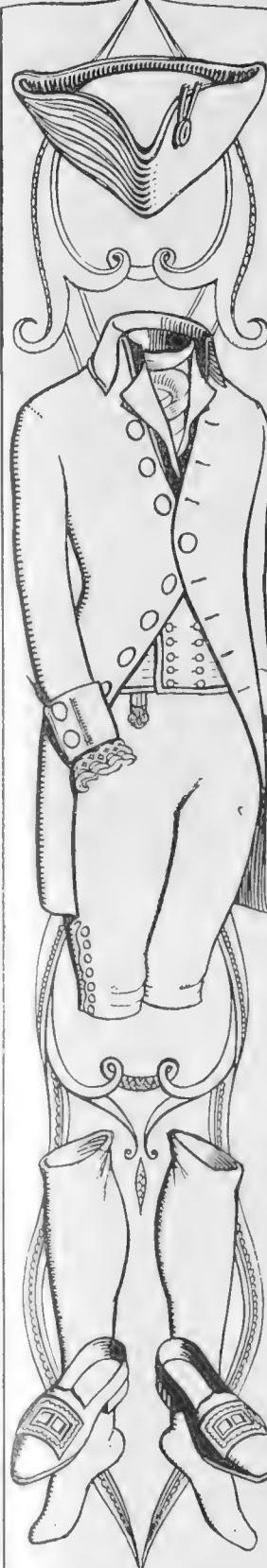
### THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE LA MAZA AND THE MARQUESS DE PORTAGO

At Roehampton the day the Count de la Maza was playing No. 3 for Major Jack Harrison's Knaves, whom the Goulbourn (Australia) team wiped out 12 to 4 in the Roehampton Open Cup

In the meanwhile it is a question of: "Pilot, what of the night?" The dismal announcements, "No Polo," by all the London Clubs are something more than disheartening. I hear that it has been debated whether it would not be the best thing to send our International team back to Norton. I suggested this as an alternative in an emergency. I think the emergency has arisen, and that unless our weather takes a definite turn for the better it is either Norton or America. The team cannot hope to get the practice it has got to have at the pace that it must be on rain-sodden grounds. The present state of affairs is enough to make anyone feel anxious, and I am sure that everyone is full of sympathy for Captain Tremayne and all others concerned in the preparation of our International Team in these exasperating circumstances. It makes a task already difficult ten times more so. The trouble is, of course, that we ought to have backed Buchan and taken no chances!

The "enemy" as the wires have told us, are very busy, and I have had a lot of news and press-cuttings sent me by various kind people who live in Long Island. One of them, who has been reading the cabled accounts of what has been happening there, writes: "Looks as if you would ride hard on us this year," and most of them seem to think that America has got to sit up and take a bit of real notice, and this in spite of what, as I have recorded in the opening note, some American critics thought of our team's form at Hurlingham on May 24. However, there is no room to deal with this avalanche of American views this week, and it will have to be reserved for an after Whitsuntide note. The team which my informants tell me America is pretty certain to play is this: Mr. Elmer Boeske, Jr. (1), Mr. Winston Guest (2), Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, Jr. (3) and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (back).



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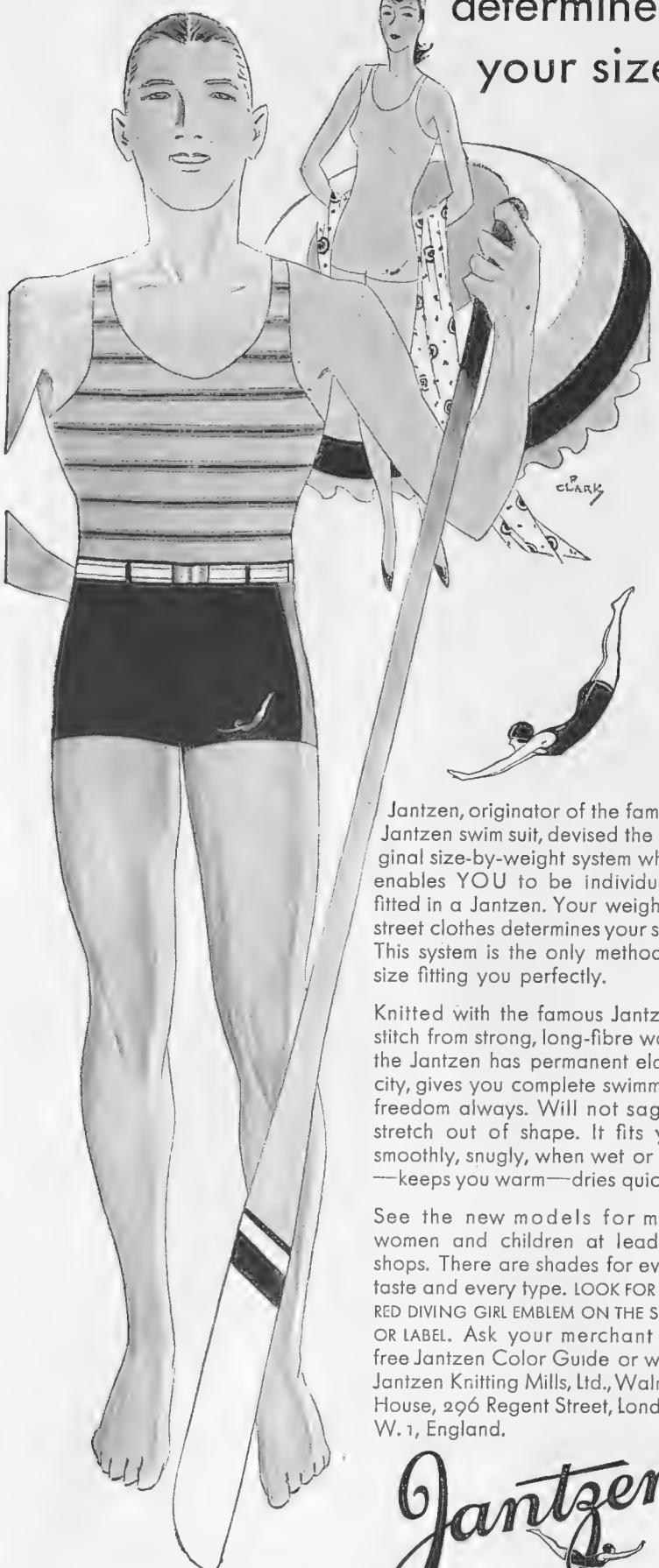
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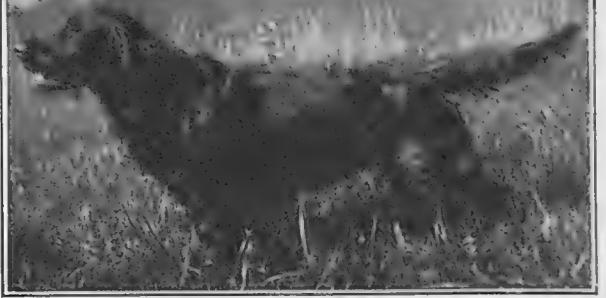
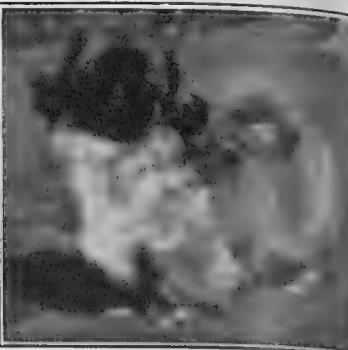
## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Haslemere Show was rather spoilt by the weather, but it is always a pleasant outing, and Miss Thynne and her mother, Mrs. Thynne, do everything possible to make the Show a success.

Time goes so quickly that the Field Trial season will soon be on us again. I have an interesting letter from Mrs. Nagle, enclosing a photograph of her famous Irish setter, Sulhamstead Baffle d'Or, on point. She says, "He is a real dual-purpose dog, as he won the I.S.A. (England) Open Stake this year, and a fortnight after won at the L.K.A. Show. He was also third in the two big spring stakes at the English Setter Club and the Kennel Club. At Cruft's this year he won two firsts, a second, and a third, and came out fourth best dog in a huge entry. He ran fourteen times in trials last year as well as going to most of the shows, so his path has not been a bed of roses." Mrs. Nagle adds, "I have some nice puppies out of a sister to Baffle by Rheola Bryn for sale. They should combine work and looks. I wish more people would train their Irish setters; a day in the field is worth a dozen at shows." It is curious that more people don't train their setters. It adds an immense interest to life, and gives occupation and amusement at an otherwise dull time of year besides very much increasing the value of the dogs, and though it is not everyone who can train and handle a dog, you never know what you can do till you try.

Miss Dixon sends a photograph of some of her well-known dachshunds, and some interesting notes on her kennel. She says, "The group includes Champion Kark of and Champion Honey snake. The remaining three are the children of Champion Kar-kof, and are all winners of a large number of prizes and specials. The group also represents eleven certificates, The L.K.A. Bitch Cup, the L.K.A. Dog Cup and the

**PIXIE**  
The property of Mrs. Everitt



**SULHAMSTEAD BAFFLE D'OR**  
The property of Mrs. Nagle

silver tea-caddy given by Mrs. Mackay have all now been won outright by my kennel. The last-named never went to any other kennel, but was won every time by my dogs." Miss Dixon sent out a dog to India last autumn who won certificates at his first two shows in that country, and Miss Dixon hopes that when shows start again after the hot weather, he will win his third and qualify as a champion. One judge said of him that "he was the best dachshund he had seen in India." Miss Dixon has during the last year added miniature dachshunds to her kennel.

Mrs. Everitt is giving up breeding Pekingese, so her dogs are all for sale very reasonably indeed to good homes, which is what she chiefly wants. A few weeks ago we gave a picture of her lovely little stud dog, Ping Pong of Grayshott; he is bright red, and very small. The photograph is of one of his puppies, also a brilliant red, and a beautiful

puppy as can be seen. Mrs. Everitt has several lovely little miniatures for sale also, her chief anxiety is that they should have good homes. Will any inquirers write to her direct, Mrs. Nevill Everitt, Genista, Grayshott, Surrey? Mrs. Everitt has also a very good-looking Great Dane she wishes to part with.



**DACHSHUNDS**  
The property of Miss Dixon

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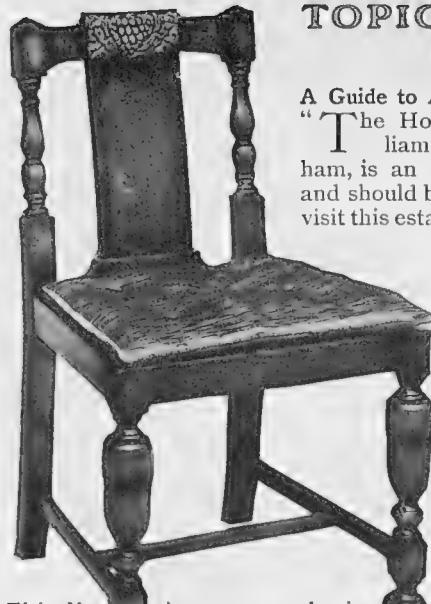
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This dining-room chair owes its origin to Williamson and Cole. It is reinforced with a cushion of fadeless artificial silk velvet

#### Window Treatments.

By the way, this firm excel in window treatments, one of which finds pictorial expression on this page, the pelmets and curtains being carried out in a variety of materials many of which are guaranteed to be fadeless. Too much cannot be said about the Sunproof unfadable fabrics; every length is fully guaranteed to resist tropical sun, sea air, or washing, and will be replaced free of charge on failing to fulfil this guarantee. There is a splendid assortment of inexpensive Axminster carpets.

#### The Atholl Palace Hotel.

Every day the call of the mountains, sea, and countryside in general becomes more insistent, and holidays become a subject for serious discussion. There is really no more delightful place for the same than the Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry, Perthshire; it is situated among the finest scenery of the Scottish Highlands in romantic grounds of 46 acres, 500 ft. above the sea level, and is three miles south of the famous pass of Killiecrankie. There are nine tennis courts, a croquet lawn, and a golf course. In the wet weather the ballroom may be used for badminton, and of course dancing is a great feature. Neither must it be overlooked that it is an ideal centre for motor and other excursions. Furthermore, details regarding the attractions and prices will be sent on application.

#### The Effacement of Superfluous Hair.

Women who suffer from superfluous hairs on the face and elsewhere will accord a warm welcome to Pilophage Water, which is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to M. A. Sueur, 34, Duke Street, Piccadilly, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent. It is composed of two different liquids; No. 1 dissolves the stiffest of hairs in two or three minutes, while No. 2 is destined to be used on the skin after the hair has been removed. It is applied for the sole purpose of destroying the roots and preventing new growth.

## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

### A Guide to Artistic Furnishing.

"The Home Beautiful," produced by Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham, is an ideal guide to artistic furnishing and should be studied by all who are unable to visit this establishment. It is really most accessible, as it takes a few minutes by train from Victoria Station, and there is an excellent service of buses from all parts.

Illustrated on the top of this page is one of a set of (consisting of one arm and four small) dining-room chairs; the cushions are covered with fadeless artificial silk velvet. Very useful are the Oakley fireside chairs; they have an oak frame and are covered with cowhide; they are pleasantly priced at 39s. 6d. For 57s. 6d. there are fireside chairs of the lounge character, as a matter of fact there are chairs for all occasions. There is a splendid assortment of chairs for country cottages.

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This modern window treatment has been designed by Williamson and Cole. Gold and blue Lima Jaepé allied with blue is enriched with appliquéd chrysanthemums



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## Weddings and Engagements



Hay Wrightson  
MISS JOYCE GRANT

The youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Heathcoat Grant, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Grant, whose marriage takes place early next month to Mr. Paul Ellis Gibbons

## Abroad.

Surgeon-Lieut. Francis William (Pat) Besley, Royal Navy, and Miss Dorothy Margaret (Peggy) Bishop of Great Shelford, Cambridge, are being married early next month at Sliema, Malta; and in October Captain Cecil Leigh Trafford, Adjutant 1st Battalion 10th Gurkha Rifles, marries Miss Barbara Hogg in India.

## Recently Engaged.

Colonel George P. M. Rome, Knockbay House, Campbelton, Argyll, and Miss Edith MacGregor Sheriff-MacGregor, R.R.C., the eldest daughter of Mrs. Sheriff-MacGregor, 31, Aberdare Gardens, Hampstead; Mr. Charles Arthur Ward,



MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS JENKINS

Who were married on May 24, at St. Cloud. The bride was formerly Miss Mona Mowbray Gray, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mowbray Gray of St. Cloud, Paris, and the bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jenkins of Inveresk, Dulwich Wood Park



MISS GRETA LEADBETTER

The twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Leadbeter of Newport, Mon., who is to marry Mr. Richard Ryther Stanser Bowker, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Bowker of Cwnbran House, Pontnewydd

late of the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward of Beacon Lodge, Swanwick, Hampshire, and Miss Barbara Mary Walters, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Walters of Highweek Rectory, Newton Abbot; Dr. R. D. Gillespie of 25, Upper Wimpole Street, W., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Gillespie of Clarkston, Glasgow, and Miss Audrey M. M. Howard, elder daughter of the late Dr. C. R. Howard of Frome, Somerset, and Mrs. Howley; Lieutenant Anthony Follett Pugsley, Royal Navy, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Follett Pugsley of Hornhill, Tiverton, and Miss Barbara Shaw, the only daughter of the late Mr. J. Byam Shaw and Mrs. Byam Shaw of Campden Hill Gardens, W.



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MARGERY LAWRENCE.

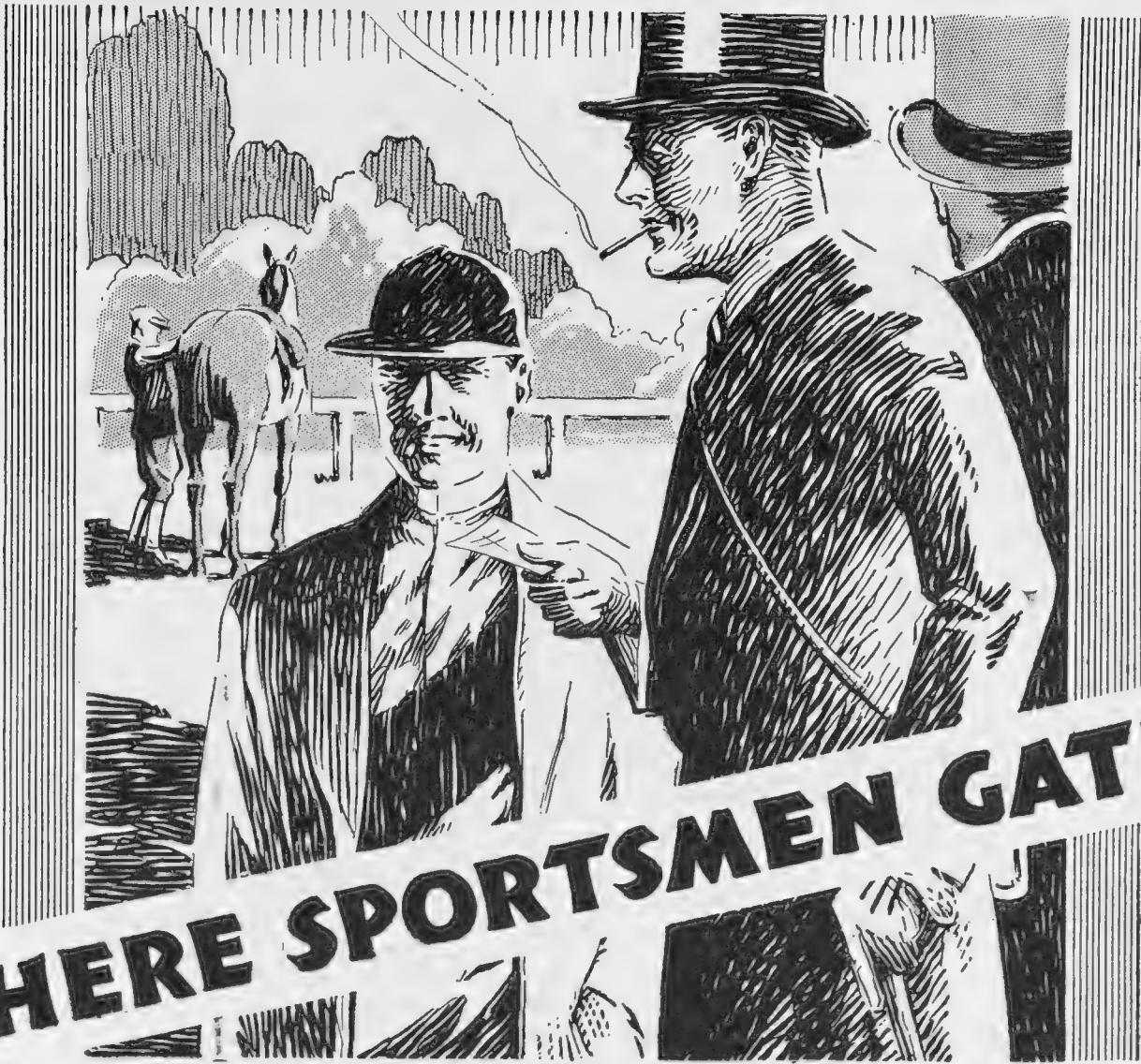
Miss Margery Lawrence has investigated Mr. Willi's methods and has written an article for the Press, an autographed copy of which can be obtained free.

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## OUR TENNIS LETTER

Now that Wimbledon is getting so close it seems to me that the chief feature of interest, particularly amongst the men, is the really wonderful play of Henri Cochet.

As I said in one of my earlier letters, the little Frenchman has been until quite lately extremely below form. He has played very little, and what is most unusual for him, has seemed to take very little interest in the games he has played.

Now, after a very few weeks' practice, he seems to be his own wonderful self once more, and I feel that my prophecy of a Tilden surprise victory will have to be revised once more. Having watched with great interest "Big Bill's" play in Paris, I was forced to admit the truth of his own statement in which he said, "I can play just as well as ever I did, but I can't play as long," and certainly each of his matches seem to bear this out. Although as an exception his long drawn-out semi-final against Borotra, in which he forced the Frenchman to run for lobs until he was literally exhausted in the fifth sett, stands out above the others.

His final against Cochet, where he was a sett up and 5-3, showed me very plainly that if he is allowed to set the pace he is quite capable still of beating anyone in the world in three sets, but that if the match goes to anything like its full length he cannot keep up the wonderful pace both of stroke and service which he sets in the beginning.

It seems to me that Cochet, on form to-day, should have an extremely good chance of winning not only the men's singles but also very possibly the men's doubles (as witness his overwhelming victory with Brugnon in Paris), and quite possibly the mixed as well. Cochet, like his mixed partner, Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, plays his best when he has not been playing too many tournaments, and he is certainly in wonderful form just now, besides which he has played so little that he is really keen on the game, a fact which always makes an immense difference to his actual play.

Baron de Morpurgo, too, would seem to be in very excellent form just now, and it will be interesting to see if he can at last produce his proper game at Wimbledon, after several years when he has been very much below his best.

Jack Crawford and Hopman are going to be very well worth watching in the men's doubles event, and I have an idea that Crawford, partnered by Miss Ryan in the mixed doubles may go very near indeed to winning the whole event. I have not heard yet with whom Mrs. Wills-Moody will pair up in the mixed, but, of course, she will play with Miss Ryan in the doubles, where, to my mind, they are head and shoulders above the rest.

The Señorita de Alvarez (who I hear was wearing a most intriguing new tennis frock with "shorts" of crêpe de chine beneath a folded short skirt for her matches in Paris) is playing only in the singles and in the mixed doubles with Borotra, which last combination should be an extremely entertaining one to watch.

I have been much impressed these last few days by the play of the two young American girls, Miss Susan Palfrey and her sister, who have been practising at Queen's Club and Wimbledon. They seem to have a vast variety of strokes, an extremely good idea of attack, and besides all this, are extremely steady and sound in their play.

As I write, the trial matches for the Wightman Cup are taking place at Wimbledon, and it is very good news to hear that Mrs. Godfree, although she has played no singles at all since 1928, is showing most excellent form; her sweeping defeat of Miss Round (the young player who has come so much to the fore this summer) in two straight sets, being one her first efforts. Miss Betty Nuthall avenged her defeat by Miss Jenny Sanderson at the opening grass court tournament of the season by a straight-sett victory the next week at the Middlesex Championships, and although she did not play particularly well at the trials, I think that it was the slipperiness of the courts which put her off more than anything else.

Miss Joan Fry, who has not been playing very many tournaments just lately, is another of our young players who I certainly expect to do great things this year. She has never played better than she did in the early spring, and she has the dogged determination which never gives in until the very last stroke has been played.

Miss Joan Ridley and Mrs. Strawson are two of our very prettiest lady players, and they are also the possessors of a really wonderful fore-hand drive which would be the envy of many men.

Last year Miss Ridley played extremely well at Wimbledon, and I should not be surprised if she did even better this year, as she is the richer by a long season's experience on the Riviera.

Of Mrs. Wills-Moody's play there is a great deal to say, but it is so obvious to all how good she is that it is rather like going over old ground to merely repeat these platitudes.

Suffice it to say that I watched her semi-final match in Paris against Fräulein Aussem (where she lost only one game in two sets) and her final against Miss Helen Jacobs, where she lost, I think, three games in all, and I have never seen a more faultless display of women's tennis on both occasions. Mrs. Moody seems to make literally no mistakes these days; she is full of confidence, she hits her beautiful fore-hand drive extremely hard, and what is more, she "places" it relentlessly. "DROP SHOT."



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—Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



THE "NEW TAILORING"—  
*The fit is assured when you  
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## When Time is a Factor

It is one of life's ironies that morning clothes—the clothes which least admit of compromise—are the ones which a man, especially at this time of the year, is most likely to need with sudden urgency. A circumstance which has caused many men to make their first acquaintance with the "New Tailoring."

Realising that morning dress makes the utmost demands upon the tailor's art, they sometimes come prepared to make allowances for morning clothes that are completely tailored—ready for service. This is understandable but unnecessary. "New Tailoring" morning clothes are faultlessly tailored from superb cloth. They can be fitted at once with an accuracy that defies criticism.

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### Canon Widgeon's Secret—continued

to her, and his Church must not suffer because he had made another of his absurd blunders.

No. Frassiter Cathedral must not suffer because he had got into the wrong flat, eaten the wrong supper, slept—God help him—in the wrong bed.

He never knew, he never was to know, that Miss Walters' first-floor flat was up another flight of stairs, at No. 4, Floor "A," and that he had gone to Flat 4 on the mezzanine. To his mind it was simply the hazard of a key fitting two doors that had made possible his horrible and grotesque situation, and it now behoved him not as a man, but as a dignitary of the Church of England, to extricate himself from his predicament as best he could.

As he hastily dressed, this idea became an immovable conviction; there must be no scandal about a Canon of Frassiter Cathedral, no newspaper speculations and jocularity as to how a Canon of Frassiter Cathedral had chanced to find himself in that flat. For he, innocent and inexperienced as he was, even he realized, as with trembling fingers he buttoned his waistcoat, what the flat was, and what had been that poor, dead woman on the floor the other side of her bed. . . .

Going to the bathroom—a place of pink imitation marble and gilded taps—he pinned a bath-towel carefully round him, and his grey, unshaven face nearly as deathly as the painted one over which he bent, did all that he could for the unhappy creature. The nervous, shaking, horrified man strained his weak strength to its utmost, and by shifting and tugging, managed to lay the woman on her bed. Then he smoothed her piteous finery of lace and ribbons with those innocent hands of his, and in some measure tidied her hair. It was done now, all that he could do. All but one thing.

The clock struck again. Half-past seven—he must hurry.

Taking from his watch-chain a tiny gold cross, given to him years ago by his mother, he laid it on that dishonoured breast, and then clasping his hands and bowing his head, he repeated aloud certain bits of the Burial Service, and another, most dramatic of all prayers.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," and "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," and "Comfort us again now after the time that Thou has plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity," then that last tragic invocation, "May God have mercy on your soul."

After that he went quietly downstairs.

### VI.

At the foot of the stairs stood a fat man in dark blue trousers and a dirty white shirt. He was yawning lazily, regarding the young day with an eye of disapproval that changed as he saw the clergyman descending the stairs, to an eye of markedly impudent surprise.

"Good morning, Porter," said Canon Widgeon.

"Morning." After a pause the man added, "Sir, was it you I heard coming out o' number four?"

"Yes."

The Porter's mouth widened to a grin, showing dirty broken teeth.

"Gawd," he sneered, and scratched his frowsy head.

The Canon gazed at him severely for a moment, then walked quietly past him into the street.

Here, as he turned sharply to the right, he was run into by a young milkman, who apologised with a merry smile.

"Sorry, sir," the lad cried. "I say, sir, you 'ave give your chin a nasty slash in shavin'."

Canon Widgeon nodded and rushed by, his handkerchief clapped to his chin—to his bloody and unshaven chin.

### VII.

And this was Canon Widgeon's adventure. It was written that no one was ever to find out who killed that unfortunate woman; it was written that no one should ever connect Canon Widgeon with that awful flat; it was written that no human being should ever find out where he had spent the night of that October 11.

The murder was of course a sensational and even a spectacular one. The newspapers published columns about it: Scotland Yard did its fine best to discover the murderer.

But nothing was ever discovered. Nothing.

Canon Widgeon has of course never forgotton that horrible night, and to this day he sometimes wakes, sweating with horror, believing himself to be once more There, beside It.

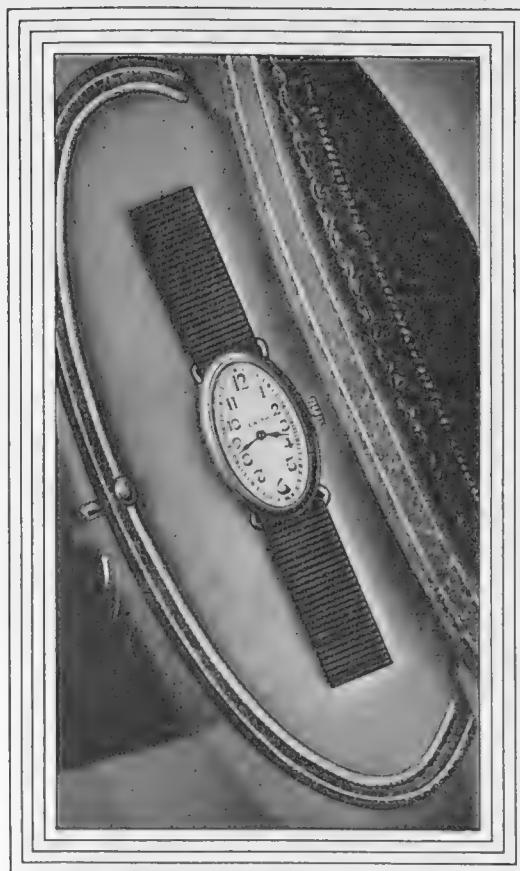
And he still prays for that poor, dead hostess of his.

Amongst all the speculation, all the theories printed about the crime, there was one point in which everyone agreed.

That the man seen by the porter, the man disguised as a clergyman, was the murderer of Queenie Heather.

And every paper in Great Britain printed and gloated over what George Clegg, the hall porter, and Albert Masters, the milkman, had declared at the inquest: that the man disguised as a clergyman was a horrible-looking fellow, whose aspect had caused both their veinous systems to run cold as they looked at him.

"Yessir," George Clegg would tell you even now, "he was a villainous-looking chap, never see such a face in my life. Sinister, that's what I call it, sinister."



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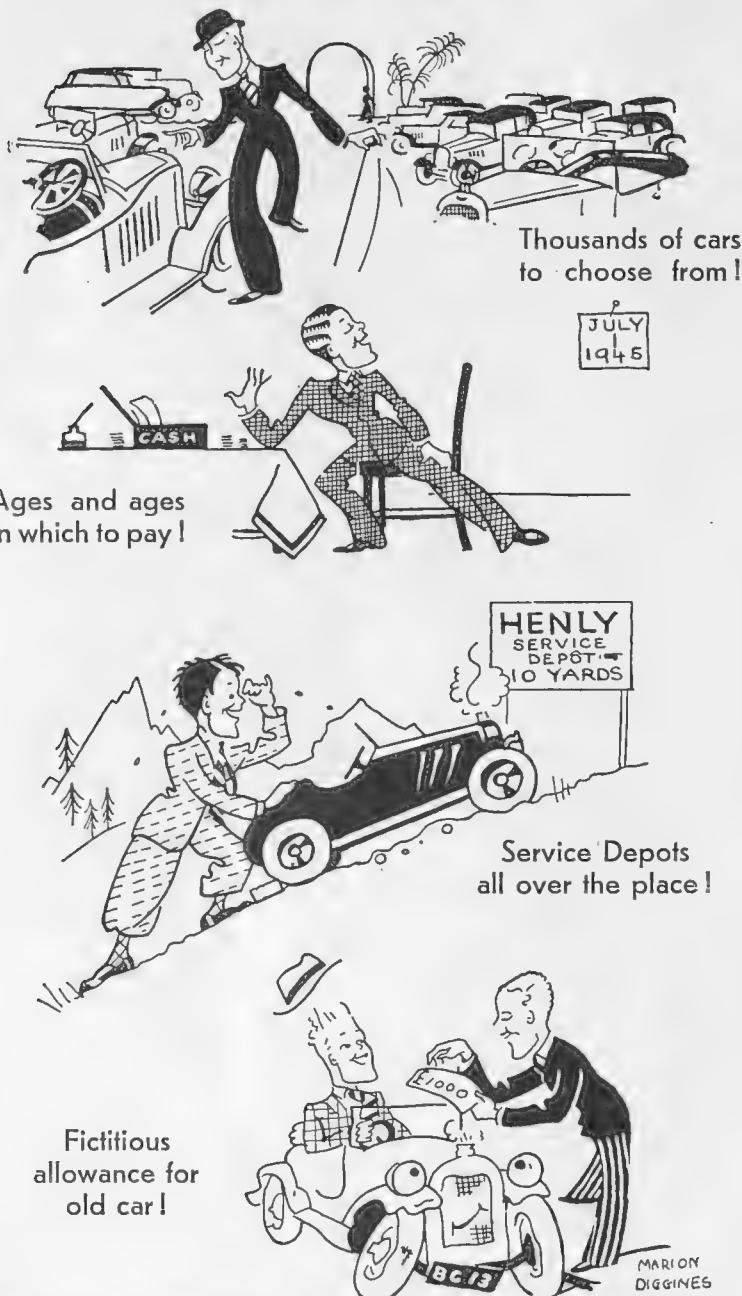
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## Petrol Vapour—continued

## The Obverse of the Medal.

A day or two later I was coming to town along the same great turnpike, and it has no white lines. In front of me for quite three miles of running was an impressive formation of coaches and lorries. There was any amount of traffic in the opposite direction, and although I was on a pretty quick car, and several times made the attempt, I could never manage to get past. So I had to hold my place with what patience I could summon up. But meantime we passed no fewer than four policemen, every one of whom must have seen what was going on. Did any of them take the smallest notice? They did not. They were there in fact to control traffic. And I thought to myself, "Now shall I stop and ask one of these excellent officers why he allows this sort of thing to go on under his eyes?" If I do so I shall probably be ticked-off again, receiving the information that the "Rule of the Road" is not really a Law (witness the immense amount of passing on the wrong side which is done every day in London with impunity), and that if



MISS JEAN ARTHUR AND MR. CHARLES ROGERS  
 In a scene from a quite new film, "Young Eagles," which, as is apparent, has to do with an airy fairy's romance. Mr. Charles Rogers is fond of aerial films, as he was the leading man in "Wings"

If drivers were consistently discouraged from disobeying the former, there would be little enough need for the latter. One can but live in hope that some day someone will see the force of some of these little suggestions.

## Big Windows.

I wonder how it comes about that there are still so many private saloon cars on the road to-day that approach absolute opacity by reason of the diminutive size of their back windows. No one expects to be able to see a glimpse of the road ahead through a van, a lorry, or even a tram. These things are necessarily opaque, but that excuse cannot be made for the private car, in which the maximum of internal lighting must surely be an advantage to all concerned. Just lately I was trying a car that was singularly bad in this respect. Not only had it a tiny window at the back but it also had an exceptionally high waist-line, making it an extremely difficult matter for the driver to lean out and see what was happening behind him whilst still working the controls. I can say that in manoeuvring in narrow quarters this car gave me some very unpleasant minutes, and on more than one occasion I had to stop and get out in order to see how matters stood with regard to room. No, the small rear window is forgivable in the landauette type of body, for somehow or other it has got to be tucked into the folds of the head when the latter is down. But in the rigid saloon and limousine that reason disappears, and I frankly do not see how the window can be made too large. Maybe its own passengers might not reap the full benefit, but if it is the duty of the car-owner to consider the interests of the traffic ahead of him, it is equally his duty not entirely to forget those behind. The man with the big-back-windowed car can at least feel that he is doing his bit towards highway safety, particularly if he refrains from adorning it with silly little curtains or decorating it with fatuously dangling dolls.



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**It is specially blended to give the  
best results in summer temperatures.**

## CAR CAMEOS

## The Wolseley Hornet

"A masterpiece in miniature" is the phrase which its makers use to describe this marvellous little car, and they are very well justified in so doing, for that it is indeed a masterpiece is undeniable. When I read about its introduction I thought the price of £175 for a natty little 6-cylinder fabric, furnished with every conceivable detail of equipment, must be a misprint for, judging by other motor-cars, it did not seem possible that it could be done. When I next examined the Hornet I wondered more than ever. But I was completely defeated by the problem after I had taken the little darling out on the road.

The Hornet is, self-confessed, a small car, and in respect of dimensions it is so, though as a matter of fact it will take its full complement of four passengers without difficulty, even if those at the back have to "sit a bit familiar." For my own part I would regard three persons and some suit-cases as its more suitable load, making allowance for the fact that I am myself an outsize.

But in respect of performance it is by no means a "small" car. I greatly fear that it will make many owners of thousand-pounders look down their noses, for it has a very real and convincing vitality. I had been told that it would very easily do its "sixty"—against the stop-watch it showed itself capable of doing somewhat more—but what struck me most forcibly was that it seemed, without much volition on my part, to be always doing "sixty"; and let me tell you it is a very pleasant "sixty" to boot.

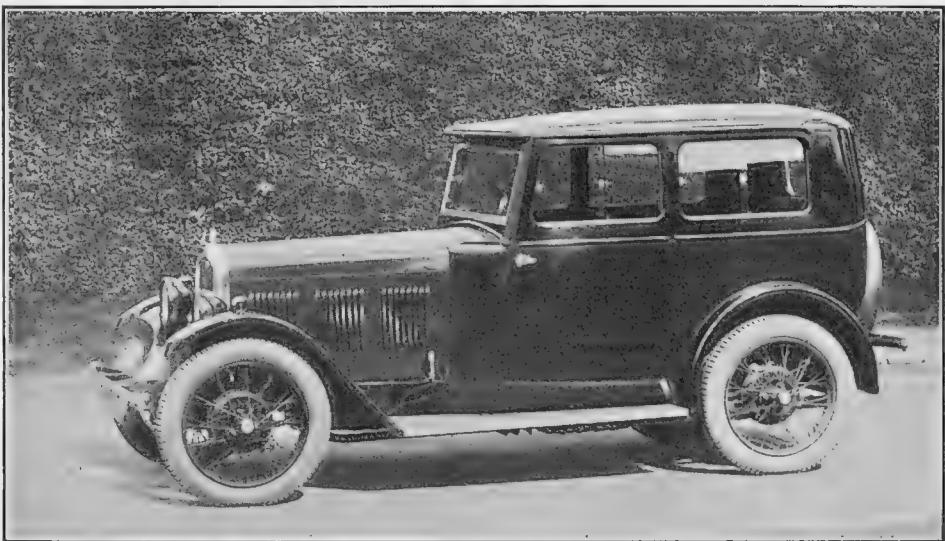
The engine is sweet and vibrationless, and pulls its load pretty well anywhere on top. When it is well opened up you are naturally aware of its existence, but it could not possibly be called noisy. And it evidently likes being busy like the baronet who created it. I was quite amazed to find that a tiny Six could be so controllable, for I have known far bigger Sixes, with equally splendid names, to be far less so. Hence I raise my hat to the designer of the induction system, which in this sort of power plant is always apt to be a critical factor.

Of the gear-box I was not so enamoured. "Revving her up" on second meant some little stridence. This in my judgment was the only feature in the Hornet that called for criticism, but the truth is that you have to use second so little that the fault must be written down as venial. Likely as not, too, it has been cured by now.

A wheel-base of seven-foot-six-and-a-half might suggest a trifle of lollipping at high speeds or bumpiness at low speeds. Actually the springing is extraordinarily good in all respects, thanks largely to the Luvax hydraulic shock-absorbers which are fitted both fore and aft. The steering, the braking, the control generally, are irreproachable, so that you can get along for hours on

end without feeling the least fatigue. Not only so, but the speed you can do is speed with safety.

As to refinements, well, here are some of them. Automatic radiator shutters, impeller water-circulation, 12-volt electric installation, safety glass all round (though I am not so keen on sliding windows), Lockheed hydraulic brakes, and chromium-plating. In its class the Hornet is the greatest example of British car manufacturing enterprise; an excellent little job!



A WOLSELEY HORNET 6-CYLINDER CAR



The attractive 7-seater saloon. The impressive proportions of this magnificent model are matched by a charmingly formal interior. A folding arm divides the rear seat, and the recessed back of the front seat conceals two ample chairs. Price £535

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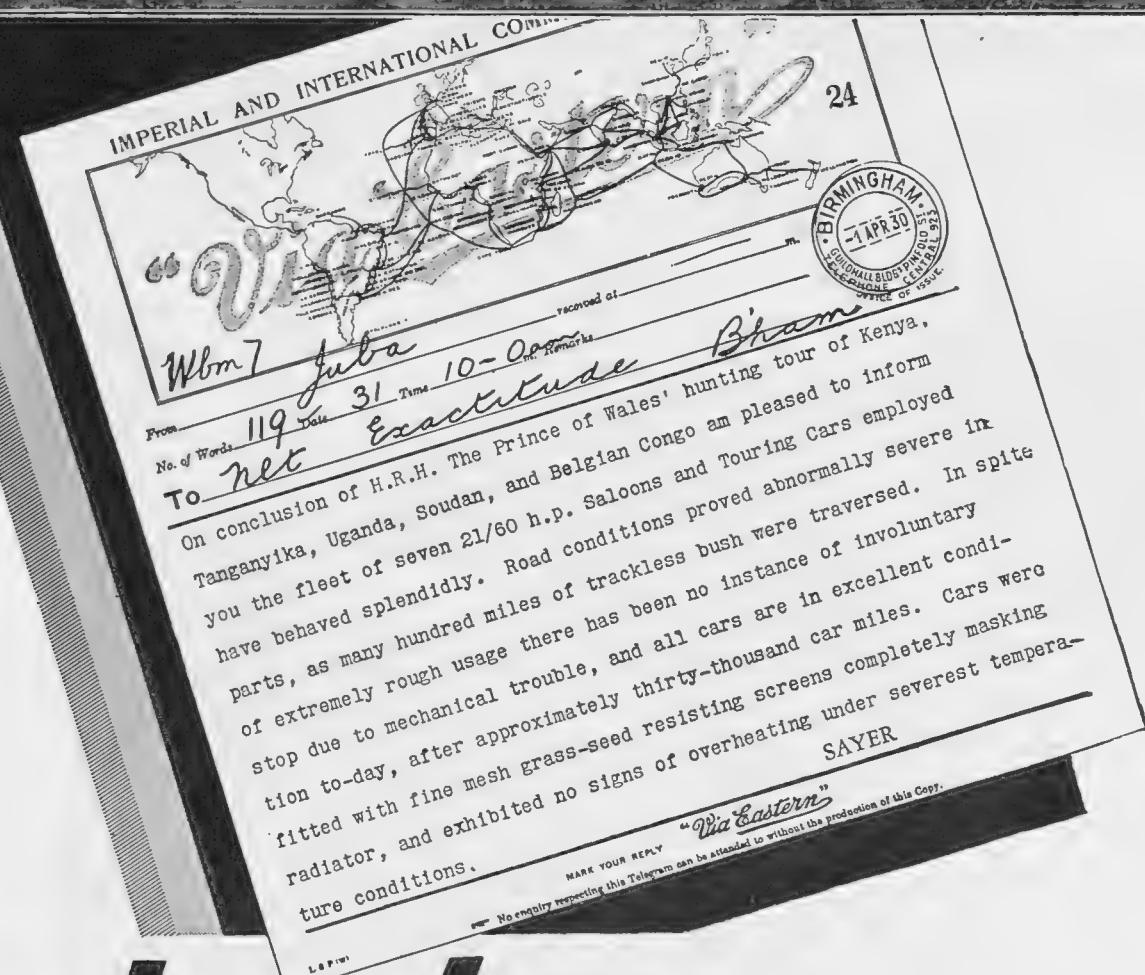
HUDSON ESSEX MOTORS, LTD., 83, GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.4

Great 8



# "On Safari"

The following Cablegram was received by Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd., who were honoured with a command from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales to supply Wolseley Cars for his recent safari in East Africa.



# Wolseley cars proved their worth

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Governing Director: Sir William R. Morris, Bt.



## Motor Notes and News

The success of the Riley Nine in the Double Twelve has been followed up by another outstanding success. At Montlhery Track, Paris, on May 28, in a 1,000-mile sealed-bonnet test a Riley Monaco saloon,

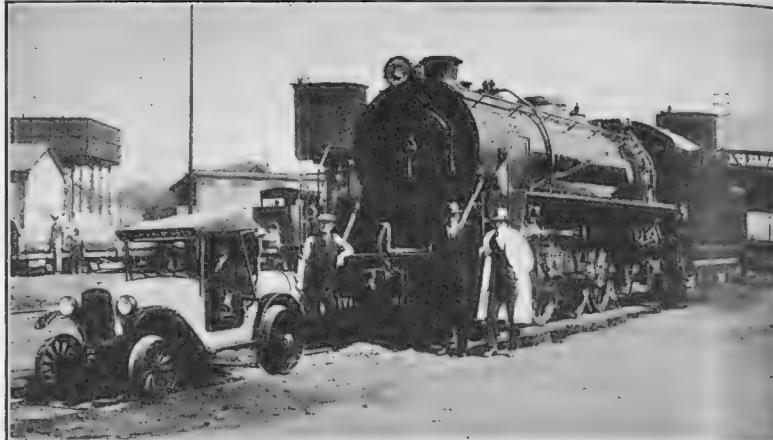


MISS PADDIE NAISMITH

With her smart 6-cylinder Standard tourist coupé with which she competed successfully in the recent ladies' London to Land's End trials. With her are seen Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., and Mr. W. Hall, M.P., who are seen presenting her with a horse-shoe mascot prior to the start

driven by E. A. Eldridge and Captain G. E. T. Eyston, put up an average speed of 67·79 m.p.h., and by this performance captured the International Class G2 world's record. Needless to say at the conclusion of the test the bonnet seals were tested by the officials of the Automobile Club of France and found intact. This performance constitutes another triumph for the British driver and the British car, and incidentally the test was concluded after this distance only because the track could no longer be placed at the disposal of the drivers.

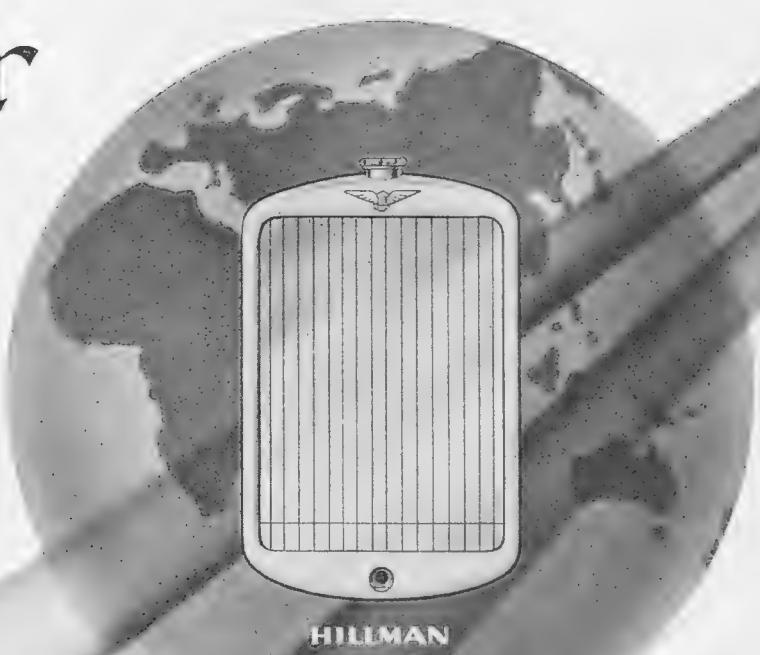
Not only is it a pleasing service, but it must be a real boon, especially to ladies, that the cushions and upholstery of cars can now be fitted correctly with detachable covers. The advantages in cleanliness and attractiveness are only too obvious. The important thing is that the car is really tailored; every cover is made to measure by a skilled craftsman, and fits perfectly, and yet is readily detachable for cleaning—great features which must ensure a smart appearance always. Messrs. Oylers, the car tailors, have just prepared a fine book of patterns containing no fewer than seventy-six designs and qualities of coverings—truly a range large enough to meet every taste and choice. This pattern book can be had on request from Oyler and Co., 35, New Cavendish Street, London, W. 1.



SEVENS ON THE RAIL

The accompanying photograph shows one of the Austin Sevens, which have been adapted by the South African Railways for the use of their inspectors and staff. It is interesting to note that the engine which appears in the photograph is the largest and fastest used on the South African lines, and yet the Austin Seven can beat it on time. The work of conversion was done in the railway shops at Johannesburg, and the officials express themselves perfectly satisfied with the service rendered by the Sevens. It is probable that the whole of the section overseers will each be provided with one of the Austin trolleys. It seems that there are very few spheres in which the British pioneer baby car cannot play a part

for

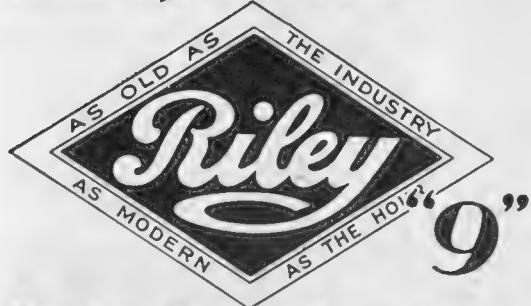


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*Apart from all its other merits it is the entirely exceptional Economy of the*

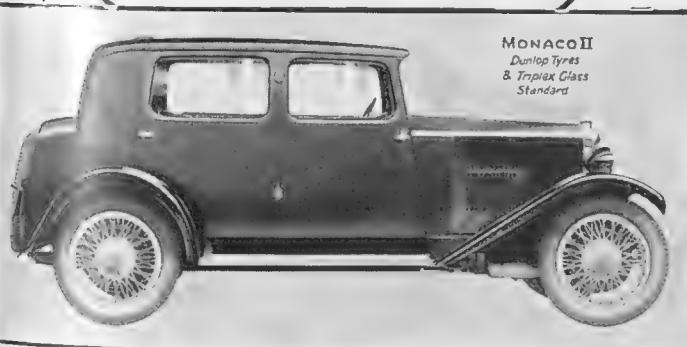


*which is its most fascinating feature to-day — look at this*



"My Riley is 14 months old and has 22,000 miles to its credit . . . I carried two passengers, luggage for the Easter Holidays, a two-gallon tin of petrol and a two-gallon tin of water . . . The car behaved perfectly in every way and only used a quart of oil during the whole of the Easter Holidays, when I should estimate my mileage to be approximately 800 miles. I have owned five other cars previous to this . . . and can safely say that this is the first car I have ever had the pleasure of driving, added to ECONOMY IN RUNNING REPAIRS, etc."

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AT LINGFIELD: LORD LOVAT WITH MRS. LEVESEN-GOWER AND A FRIEND

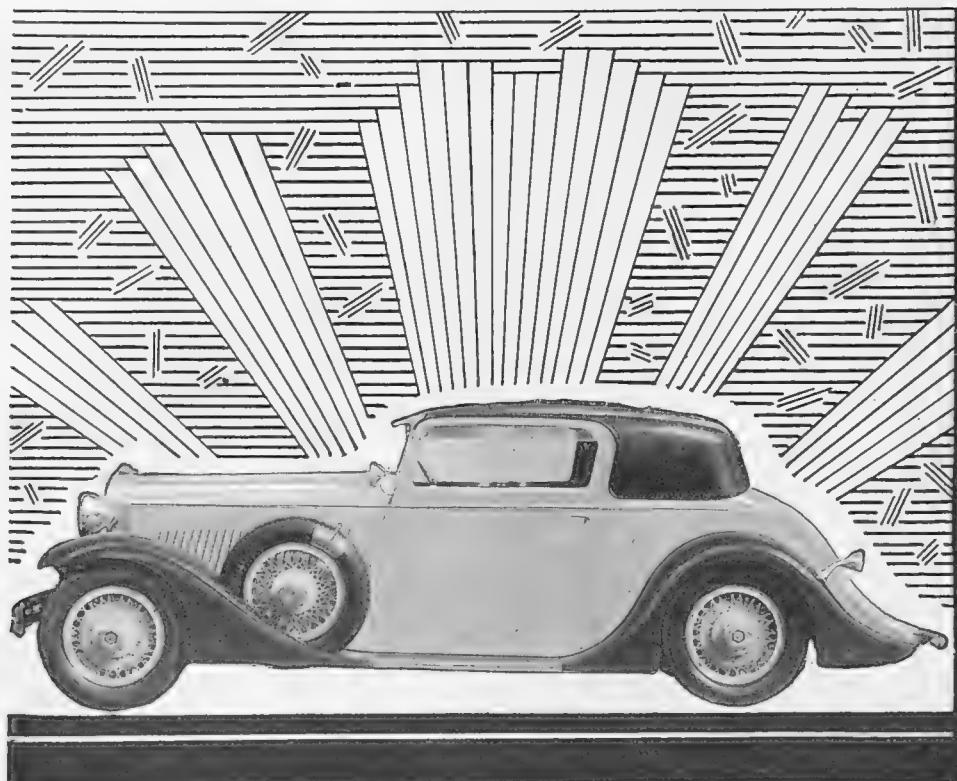


LADY MAUD BAILLIE AND HER DAUGHTER, JUDITH



AT YORK: LADY ALLEDALE AND COLONEL SAM ASHTON

At Lingfield, where the snapshot of Lord Lovat and Mrs. Leveson-Gower, wife of an ex-Master of the famous Old Surrey, was taken, the going was on the heavy side—a forecast for the Derby, for Lingfield happened just before it. Lady Maud Baillie, who, with her husband, Captain the Hon. Evan Baillie, is Joint Master of the High Peak Harriers, was at the Hardy-Alsopp wedding. Her little daughter, Judith, was one of the bridesmaids. Lady Allendale, who is seen with Colonel Sam Ashton, is a daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Seely. One of Lord Allendale's seats is in Yorkshire—at Wakefield



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PRINSUÈDE garments are cut and tailored to an elegance of line hitherto unknown in Suède garments. Prinsuède is made in all the fashionable shades.

## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £20 to make an allowance of 8s. weekly to two dear old sisters who keep a tiny shop in North London. There they struggle to earn a few shillings weekly by sewing, but they have no machine and work is very slow. They are aged eighty-one and seventy-three, and have only their combined old age pensions of £1 weekly, out of which they have to pay 12s. 6d. each week for rent. Not being strong, they also have to pay a woman to clean the place and 3s. towards the longed-for sewing-machine, so their small income is almost swallowed up. Even though they eat little more than the London sparrow, they have to raise money for necessities, and when our last visitor called she found that the younger sister (a widow) had had to pawn her wedding-ring. They are such delightful old people, and it is pitiful to see them in such desperate straits; may we have donations towards an allowance which would prevent them from being half-starved in their efforts to remain independent?



LADY GAINSBOROUGH

On July 10 Mr. Charles B. Cochran is presenting for the first and only time *A Midnight Revue*, in aid of the Lady Louis Mountbatten's appeal for £10,000 for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' personal fund for the British Legion. The cast, needless to say, will be an all-star one. The prices of tickets are: Orchestra stalls, 10 guineas, 5 guineas, and 3 guineas; parterre stalls, 2 guineas; dress circle, 5 guineas and 3 guineas; upper circle, £1. Boxes by arrangement. Tickets can be obtained from the Lady Louis Mountbatten, Brook House, Park Lane, W.1; the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond, Mulberry House, Smith Square, S.W.1; the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, W.2, and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, 12, Upper Brook Street, W.1. Cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten, and sent to the Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has consented to be present at the children's charity matinée which Miss Dorice Stainer, the well-known teacher of dancing, is holding at the Scala Theatre on Tuesday, July 1, in aid of the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children. More than a hundred children, whose ages range from two years to fourteen, all pupils of Miss Stainer, are to take part. The matinée will be an all-dancing display with a special nursery rhyme feature. Lady Acland's two children, Betty and Molly; Valerie Brooke, daughter of the Ranees of Sarawak; Countess Elvira, daughter of the Countess Gofarelli; Baroness Gravenitz' daughter, and many other Society children will be among the performers. Tickets for this matinée can be obtained direct from Miss Dorice Stainer, 39, Onslow Square, S.W.7.

Miss Diana Fishwick, whose wonderful performance in the Walker Cup gained her world-wide fame, has agreed to feature at a special golf side show with Mr. Owen Nares at the Theatrical Garden Party on June 20. Lady Peel and Miss Renée Kelly are organizing a special show in connection with Lancashire cotton, while Mr. Henry Ainley will be selling signed photographs of all the stage stars. Lupino Lane is acting as ringmaster in the Comic Tail-Waggers' show of 200 dogs. More novel side shows are arranged than ever at this most popular of fêtes, and the Actors' Orphanage are looking forward to record receipts.



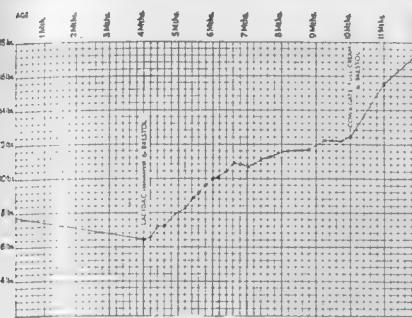
Stage Photo Co.  
MISS HILDA BECK

Who is producing some new dances at the new cabaret at the Hotel Splendide, has sprung into fame from the chorus. She has appeared in numerous musical comedies and in revue with the late Miss Lee White in the East and Australia

The annual flag day for the London Temperance Hospital will be held on July 20. Rebuilding operations have already been commenced at the London Temperance Hospital. Four additional storeys will be added to the out-patients' department. The pathological and massage departments will be housed in better quarters. There will also be a new radiological department, lecture-room, and private wards for paying patients, and new nurses' quarters. The cost of rebuilding will be £45,000, towards which £11,000 is in hand or promised.



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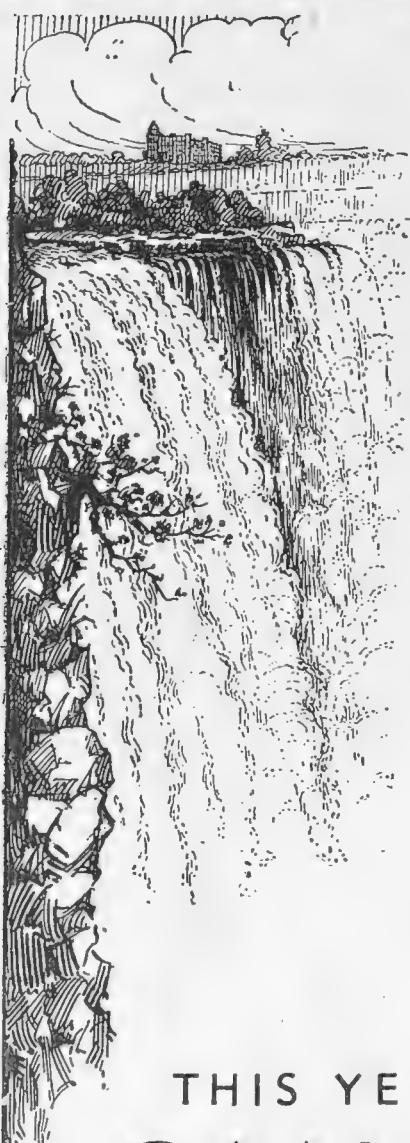
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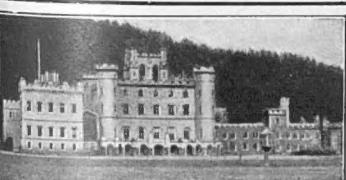
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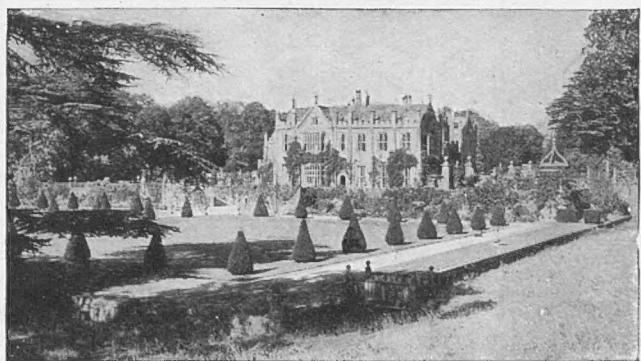
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